



University of Central Florida
STARS

St. Cloud Tribune

Newspapers and Weeklies of Central Florida

7-15-1915

St. Cloud Tribune Vol. 06, No. 46, July 15, 1915

St. Cloud Tribune

Find similar works at: <https://stars.library.ucf.edu/cfm-stcloudtribune>
University of Central Florida Libraries <http://library.ucf.edu>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Newspapers and Weeklies of Central Florida at STARS. It has been accepted for inclusion in St. Cloud Tribune by an authorized administrator of STARS. For more information, please contact STARS@ucf.edu.

STARS Citation

St. Cloud Tribune, "St. Cloud Tribune Vol. 06, No. 46, July 15, 1915" (1915). *St. Cloud Tribune*. 401.
<https://stars.library.ucf.edu/cfm-stcloudtribune/401>

Only Thirteen Votes Were Cast Against the New City Charter

Thirteen (that most unlucky number) hoodoos were abroad in St. Cloud Monday, for that many votes were cast against the ratification of the new charter, but to offset them just **two hundred and twenty** wide-awake, progressive voters, men who desired St. Cloud to become a great city, who believe in paved streets, a perfect system of water works and a well lighted town, whose motto is progress and prosperity, cast their votes for the charter, and now nothing can stay the onward march of this grand and glorious city of a thousand wonders. St. Cloud will now come into its own, and before the year 1917 there will be ten thousand home-loving, law-abiding, Christian people who will call it home. The next step in this grand march to fame and fortune will be taken on August 7th, when men of business ability, undoubted integrity and possessed with a progressive spirit will assume charge of the city's affairs. St. Cloud will now become the homeseeker's and investor's paradise.

Work Laying Sand Oil On Our Streets Will Begin Tuesday

Car Load Oil Has Arrived and Machinery Will Be Installed On Monday Next. Hundreds Will Come Here To Witness The Work

Next Tuesday, July 20th, will mark the first great step in St. Cloud's march to the front of Florida's inland cities. That day the work of laying sand-oil on our streets will begin. The car-load of oil ordered by the council has arrived and is on the ground ready for the mixing machine and Mr. Robert Taggard, who will have charge of the work, reached the city Tuesday, and stated that the machinery and expert workers would follow tomorrow. At a meeting of the council some few weeks ago it was decided to pave the block on Eleventh street between Florida and Ohio avenues first, and that block has been graded to the proper level and otherwise put in condition to receive the sand-oil coating. This block will be paved from curb to curb, a width of twenty-six feet, and three hundred feet in length. But not by any means will that be all.

TWO PULLMANS WILL CARRY ST. CLOUD VETS TO WASHINGTON

That the St. Cloud veterans will receive every courtesy from the railroads on the trip to and from the annual G. A. R. encampment, which meets at Washington on September 27th, was evidenced this week in a letter from the general passenger agent of the A. C. L. to Commander J. F. Bullard, the writer saying that the request for two Pullmans to be brought here on the 25th of September, would be granted, and that District Agent Kirkland would arrive here in a few days to make all necessary arrangements for the veterans while enroute to the national capital.

Commander Bullard states that the special cars will arrive heretofore special cars will leave here on the evening train, September 25th, and will arrive in Washington early on the morning of the 27th. All who intend to make the trip would do well to advise Commander Bullard, and if another Pullman is required to accommodate the members it will be procured. The exact rate of round-trip tickets to the encampment has not yet been ascertained, but it will hardly be more than twenty-seven dollars, which is about one-third more than the fare one way.

the paving done, for the car-load of oil is sufficient to lay at least five blocks, and the opinion prevails that the council will use the balance of the oil to pave Tenth street, from Kentucky avenue to Florida avenue. If this is done a thorough test will be given the material as to durability, as it will be laid on both sand and marl, and will be on a street on which there is the greatest amount of heavy hauling and over which the largest number of vehicles travel, besides Tenth street is the route the Dixie Highway will take through our city. Word comes from all nearby towns that large delegations will come here to witness the laying of the sand-oil, to the end that the same material will be used in paving the streets of their respective towns, provided it is found to meet the requirements of our city. Our city council and the people of St. Cloud generally extend a most hearty invitation to all Florida to visit our city during the

COMMISSIONERS FIX MILLAGE FOR THE YEAR 1915 AT 20 1/2

At the meeting of the Board of County Commissioners last week the books of Assessor Barber were accepted and the millage for this year's taxes fixed at 20 1/2 all told. The total value of property in the county, personal, real estate and railroad, is \$5,784,000, as compared with \$5,611,855 for the year 1914. The revenue from this year's taxes will amount to \$138,374, of which sum \$40,488 is for the schools and a like sum for building hard-surfaced roads. The millage assessed for the several funds is as follows: Hard surface road fund, 7 mills; general up-keep of roads, 3 mills; schools, 7 mills; general revenue, 2 1/2 mills; fine and forfeiture, 3-4 mill; publicity, 1-4 mill, making a total of 20 1/2 mills. This is an increase of four and a half mills, the increase being due to the four additional mills allowed by the bill passed by the last session of the legislature and an increase of a half mill on the general revenue fund. The millage last year was as follows: schools, 7 mills; county road

Handsome Homes Now Being Built

There was a lull in building operations for a few weeks, but it is now past, and below are enumerated some of the improvements now in progress. Elmer Ide is having a 5-room cottage erected on Ohio avenue and Thirteenth street, which is to be completed and occupied by September the 15th. Mrs. Connor is having a cottage erected on Ohio avenue and Eighth street, which will be rushed to completion. F. M. Benjamin has had his house painted, and it is a fine piece of work, and a credit to the owner. The building on New York avenue between Tenth and Eleventh streets is being doubled in size by having a concrete addition put on the rear. The building is owned by J. W. Matthews. M. Mullatt's palatial home on Tenth street and Kentucky avenue is nearing completion. The home is built of concrete blocks and will compare favorably with any in this section. It will be complete in every detail and much care has been taken in making the plans so that all conveniences of (Continued on Page 8)

PROCLAMATION ISSUED FOR AN ELECTION OF OFFICERS AUG. 7

Mayor, Clerk and Assessor and Collector Will Hold Office Only Until March, 1916, Others Until March, 1917

The following proclamation, calling an election for city officers under the new charter, gives notice that the people of St. Cloud will have the opportunity on August 7th to place men at the head of the city's affairs who will be in every way qualified to place St. Cloud in the front ranks of Florida's inland cities:

City and caused the seal of the City to be affixed hereunto, this the 13th day of July, A. D. 1915.
William Birchler,
(SEAL) Mayor of the City of Saint Cloud.
F. P. Kenney, Clerk.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION

By virtue of my office as Mayor of the City of Saint Cloud, Florida, I, Wm. Birchler, do hereby announce and proclaim that on the 7th day of August, 1915, at the voting place at the City Hall there will be an election for the purpose of electing the following officers:
A Mayor for the term of one year.
A Clerk and Auditor for the term ending in March, 1916.
An Assessor and Collector for the term ending in March, 1916.
A Superintendent of streets for the term ending in March, 1917.
A Sanitary Inspector for the term ending in March, 1917.
A Treasurer for the term ending in March, 1917.
The polls will be open for receiving votes at the usual legal hours. I hereby appoint W. L. Fennimore, J. B. Shuler and J. H. DeGraw as Inspectors, and G. W. Daugherty and E. E. Ely as Clerks of said election. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand as Mayor of said

W. A. Doolittle Likes the Wonder City

W. A. Doolittle, of Carbondale, O., writes and renews his subscription to the Tribune. He says he spent the winter of 1913-14 in St. Cloud and would make it his home if possible. He has so many nice things to say about the people here, the climate and the future of the Wonder City that it would take too much space to tell it all.

G. W. Marsh Grew Largest Peaches

On his place, Florida avenue and Eighth street, G. A. Marsh is growing the finest peaches we have yet seen in this section. He brought a sample to the Tribune last week. He says it is no trouble to grow almost anything you plant.

ST. CLOUD FIRST NATIONAL BANK DECLARES HANDSOME DIVIDEND

The directors of the First National Bank of St. Cloud held a meeting Saturday last in the office of the president, which was attended by Col. D. L. Rice, general manager of the Seminole Land & Investment Company, who came from Washington, D. C., for that purpose. The report of the cashier showed the business of the bank to be in a most flourishing condition, the result of conservative and efficient management on the part of its president, Hon. Arthur E. Donegan. A handsome dividend was declared on the stock, and the financial state-

ment, which was published last week in the Tribune, showed the bank to be among the leading financial institutions of the South, in fact, the people in this portion of Florida regard the First National as the Rock of Gibraltar for the safe keeping of any moneys entrusted to its care, while at the same time the officers exert every effort to extend courtesies to those in need of funds. Being the only national bank in the county gives it a standing no state or private bank could possibly attain, and to that fact much of its wonderful success is due.

THE FAMOUS ZIMMER SISTERS

Misses Ethel and Nellie Zimmer returned from a long and successful concert tour of Georgia and North Florida. They both look well and happy and say the trip was a regular picnic. Their many friends are delighted to have them back in St. Cloud again.

LOOK!

Spaulding Sporting Goods

Bats, Balls, Gloves, Masks
In fact Everything for the Ball Player and Out-Door Sport Lover

P. D. MARINE, Ph. G.

REGISTERED PHARMACIST
St. Cloud Florida
(Successor to Hopkins Pharmacy)
PHONE 51

Preparing For Citizenship

Without a fit body of citizens our country would not exist. The duty of the public school is to prepare our boys to govern their country. Philadelphia is one of the educational centers of the country. Robert Hildreth in the Philadelphia Inquirer has been showing us how well the school are performing the task set them by making quotations from the examination papers of the pupils in the public schools of that city. Here are some of the answers furnished by students of the class in civil government:

I don't know anything about the Constitution, as I was born in Kansas.

The minority is composed of the minors.

The spoils system: The place where spoiled things and waste are kept. The board of health has largely taken the place of this.

An ex post facto law is one that gives officers a right to go to foreign countries and get criminals, dead or alive, and take them back to the place where the crime was committed. It is a law where the crimes of the father descend to his children; they are punished for him.

An appreciation of the services performed by individuals has been declared the best practical fruit of the study of history—an appreciation of the services rendered this nation by its great men might seem necessary to those who must guard the fruits of such service; what do the children of this generation know of such men? Let us see the results of work done in the public schools of Philadelphia:

Benjamin Franklin is the founder of electricity.

George Washington was a land savor.

Lord Raleigh was the first man to see the invisible Armada. (English.)

Tennyson wrote In Memorandum.

Tennyson also wrote a poem called Grave's Energy.

Louis XVI was guillotined during the French revolution.

Ben Johnson is one of the three highest mountains in Scotland.

George Eliot left a wife and children to mourn his death.

Henry I died of eating Palfreys.

Caesar was a king and went high up on a mountain.

Lincoln had a woman make him a suit of homespun from rails which he had split. They were hickory rails, hence hickory shirts.

Franklin produced electricity by rubbing cats backward.

What does the nation as a whole pay for the public schools? What does the nation get in the shape of instructed service for its expenditures? Is not the capacity to digest independent of the supply of food? Perhaps it would be impossible to keep the average boy of today painfully ignorant provided he had the power to assimilate knowledge; it may be impossible to give the power of assimilation by furnishing a superfluity of knowledge. —Times-Union.

QUAKER MEDITATION

Even the trout fisherman can't hope for much luck casting slurs.

The one matchless thing we don't care to have about is a match box.

Would an epidemic of colic cause the population of a town to be doubled?

Time was made for slaves, but they are not the only people who have to serve time.

Even when a man expects the worst there is reason why he should make the best of it.

All men are not clumsy, and yet you can't get to the top of the ladder without stepping on its foot.

Governor Hanley's Pledge

A North Carolina reader of the Arcadia Enterprise sends that paper the following story written by Governor J. F. Hanley of Indiana, with request that it be published. It is a story full of human interest and human pathos. Read it:

One afternoon there came into the Governor's office in Indianapolis a little woman. She was plainly clad; her shoes were coarse; her hands were toil-calloused. She led by the hand a little boy, scarcely three years old, round-faced, big eyes, with sunlit curls—a vision of impelling beauty. Strangely attracted by the sight of him, and made gentle by the memories his presence stirred within me, I said to his mamma:

"Madam, what can I do for you this afternoon?"

Timidly, diffidently and hesitatingly she answered:

"Governor, I have come to ask you to give me back my husband."

"Give you back your husband? Why, Madam, I haven't your husband."

"Oh, yes you have, Governor. You have had him ever since last September—five long, weary months—down at Jeffersonville, at the State Reformatory, and I've come to beg you to give him back to me."

"At Jeffersonville, in the State Reformatory? Then your husband is a criminal, Madam, and I can't give him back to you."

"No, no, he isn't, Governor. I know he committed a grave crime—highway robbery in the night time—but he isn't a criminal, and when you know him as I know him, you will know he is not."

"Not a criminal and guilty of highway robbery? Why, woman, it is the gravest crime but one the law knows. Whoever commits it takes the hazard of taking human life. No, your husband is a bad man, a criminal. He is where he ought to be. I can't give him back to you. My duty to the State and to society, whose servant I am, precludes my giving him back to you."

Then summoning her courage and her strength for the final assault, she said:

"Governor Hanley, I am surprised, disappointed and grieved at you. I thought you were a just man. People told me you were. I came here believing you were. But you're not, you're not! If I were able to employ counsel and could bring them here, you'd hear them by the hour, and you would not judge until you had heard. But I'm so poor, so pitifully poor that I cannot bring counsel. I can only tell my story in my own feeble way, and you have judged me before you have heard me. You're not just! You're not just! I'm entitled to better treatment than this from the Governor of my State."

Rebuked, I bowed my head in assent, and then she said:

"We were born out here in an Indiana village, my husband and I. We were boy and girl together. We grew to manhood and womanhood together. Finally we came to love each other, and four years ago we stood at the altar and pledged ourselves in the solemn contract of marriage. We turned from the holy ceremony and went out into this great city to find a home. We were poor; yes, I know. But we were young, and strong, and brave. We went out into the city with high purpose. We found a home, a modest little one, only two rooms, but small as it was we could not buy it. We were too poor. We could only rent it. But we did rent it, and moved into it; erected in it a family altar, and put about it household gods, humble, but dear to us. And we were happy. Then three years ago the baby came—this little boy—and, Governor, I haven't language to explain to you how his little fingers drew our hearts together; how love for him melted and fused our purpose into one. There was no cloud upon our sky until last September, on Labor Day, my husband went with a party of friends down to Shelbyville, twenty miles away, to attend a Labor Day celebration. Down there, for the first time in his life, he indulged in intoxicants. By evening he was a maudlin drunk, and on the way home, in the night time with his drunken companions, meeting a stranger in the highway they stopped him in the darkness and robbed him, and then drove on. But sobered by the consciousness of the awful crime in which he had participated, my husband soon climbed out of the carriage, walked back to Shelbyville, reached there in the gray dawn of the early morning, hunted up the sheriff, told him the whole pitiful story, and surrendered himself into custody. Then they sent for me. I took the little boy and went

down to Shelbyville. Arriving there, and walking the streets of the strange little city and inquiring for my husband, I was told I would find him in Judge Sparks' court-room. I made my way up there, stepped inside the door, and there, sure enough, beyond the bar, surrounded by the officers of the law and of the court, sat my husband! For a moment I waited in fear and silence, then I saw the prosecuting attorney arise and heard him read to my husband an indictment charging him with the crime of highway robbery, and then I heard the court kindly but solemnly say to him:

"Prisoner at the bar, stand up. You are charged with a grievous crime. You have heard the indictment read. How do you plead to it? Answer. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"And then, God help me, Governor, my heart stood still, as I heard him confess his guilt! Then frightened and half frenzied by what I had seen and heard, I made my way to the bar. I intervened. I told the court the story of our lives, and asked him for the love of the little boy to give me back my husband. And Judge Sparks through his tears said to me:

"Madam, I would to God I could, and if I could, I would. But I have no choice. The law of Indiana gives me no discretion. Your husband is charged with a grievous crime. He admits his guilt. I can only pronounce the judgment of the law, in such case made and provided, five to twenty-one years in the penitentiary."

"And then they led him away! After he was gone I took the little boy and made my way back to Indianapolis; back to our desolate home; back to our desecrated family altar; back to our broken household gods! And standing there that night in the darkness, amid my crushed and fallen hopes, and the wreck and ruin of my home, my heart grew big with hate. I hated the state of Indiana! I hated the law. I hated the judge who had pronounced his judgment. I hated my husband, until I remembered it was the drink and not he, and that only four years before I had so proudly and confidently said, 'Will, it's for better or for worse, until death do us part.' Remembering that, I said, 'If God will help me I will keep the faith and fill the bond; some way I'll keep the little home; some way I'll pay the rent; some way I'll care for the little boy! And Governor, for five long, inclement, dreary winter months I've kept the pledge. I've washed and ironed and scrubbed. I've done everything that an honest woman could do. Look at my toil-calloused hands! And I've asked no man for help! I've been 'too proud for that! And I would not ask you now, but I face the crisis! I can't keep my feet any longer! There is to be a new baby any day, and I've got to go to a hospital and my little boy to an orphan's home, unless you give me back my husband!'"

Then, throwing herself upon her knees, and putting her face in my hands and laying her head on my table, she cried with the abandon of a child. And as she wept and sobbed the little boy slipped from the high chair from which his feet had dangled, came over to me, and with the alertness of a baby put his little hand pleadingly on my knee, looked up through streaming eyes into my face and cried in childish treble:

"Mister, you've got my papa! I want my papa! Why don't you give me back my papa?"

I looked down into the tear-dimmed face, and caught there a vision of my own little fellow, his age, that I had loved and lost but a while before, and the tugging at the heart-strings of the father became too much for the governor. Reaching down and gathering him in my arms I said to him:

"God bless you, little man! You've won! You've won. I'll give you back your papa."

The mother sprang to her feet and cried:

"Governor, did I hear aright? Are you going to give him back to us?" I answered "Yes, and now."

And ringing for my secretary, I said:

"Colonel Gemmer, wire Warden Whitaker, of the State Reformatory, that the governor is paroling William Wolverton, a convict down there, doing an intermediate sentence of five to twenty-one years for highway robbery. Say to him that it is my direction that tomorrow he clothe Wolverton in a decent suit of clothes, take him to the railway station, buy him a ticket and put him aboard the noon train for Indianapolis." Then turning to the wife I said:

"He will reach the Union station tomorrow evening at seven o'clock. Go meet him and bring him here. I

want a word with him in your presence."

But, all consideration for me, she answered:

"Seven o'clock? Why, Governor, isn't that after office hours?"

I said: "Yes."

Then she said: "Then I can't ask you to wait. The train, you know, may be late. I can't ask you to wait."

I said to her: "No matter, even if it is late, I will wait. Your business will be the biggest business the Governor of Indiana will have tomorrow, and I will wait until you come."

And the next evening I did wait—waited after all had gone from the big office; waited in silence and in solitude and the shadows lengthened and the twilight deepened, until finally there came through the gloaming this man and woman and little boy. As they approached my desk I stood up, took the man by the hand, looked him in the eyes and said to him:

"Will Wolverton, you've aimed against the state that was good to you. You've pulled down the pillars of your own house upon your own flesh and blood. You've betrayed this woman whom only four years ago you promised man and God that you would love, cherish and defend with your life. You've forgotten the obligation you owe to this little boy, the child of your own loins. Wolverton, you are a bad man, I guess, and yet, I'm going to give you a chance to earn your freedom. I'm going to parole you, on your good behavior; not for you; no, I'm not doing it for you. I'm afraid you're not worth it. I'm doing it for the sake of this woman here, your wife, who has been as faithful to you as a Magdalene at the cross; I'm doing it for the sake of this little boy, your child, who won my heart on yesterday. I'm doing it for the sake of your unborn baby, and in memory of my own dear dead! Wolverton, won't you let your unborn baby and my dead baby be a covenant between us? Won't you? Here's a letter. Take it to the man to whom it is addressed. I saw him this morning. He promised me that he would take you, give you employment at good wage, and help you find yourself again. Take the letter to him and stay with him until I discharge you; but come back here next month and bring your wife and child, for I must know that you keep faith with me, Wolverton, and if you betray me, I'll have the power and I'll send you back to prison for the limit of your term, twenty-one years. You may go. But don't forget that you carry your freedom in your hands."

Then I watched them, as with bowed heads they made their way out into the darkness. The next month, true to direction, they came back, only there were four of them, the father, the mother, the little boy and the new baby!—the baby bore the night of the father's return! What a tragedy! What a tragedy!

They came once a month for eighteen months. And they never came that the governor did not see them, for the standing order was that no matter what the business or who was there, the Wolverton family was to have precedence—the right of way. And in those eighteen months I saw a wonderful thing. I saw a man fight his way back to manhood. I saw a man, who, through drink, had made shipwreck of his life, find himself anew. I saw the evolution of a human soul! And on the last Christmas eve I spent in the great office I stood again in the gloaming as the shadows lengthened and the twilight deepened, and about me sat this family. And again I stood up, took the man by the hand, and looking into his face, said to him with a voice that would tremble with grateful emotion in spite of myself:

"Wolverton, you're a man again. You've found yourself anew. You've

W. L. DOUGLAS
SHOES
Are Famous

FLORSHEIM
\$5.00
Best on Earth

H. C. Stanford Company

Dry Goods Notions
Gents' and Ladies' Furnishings

JOSH H. FERGUSON, MANAGER

BUSTER BROWN
for
Boys and Girls

WARNER'S RUST PROOF
SUMMER CORSET

QUEEN QUALITY
The World's Greatest
Shoes for Women

fought a good fight. You've kept the faith. You've filled the bond. I'm proud of you. And on this glad Christmas eve, so fragrant with the memory of Him who died to atone for human sin, I'm going to make you a Christmas gift worth while. Here it is! Here it is! Your unconditional pardon—written in my own hand! Take it, Wolverton, take it, and go and sin no more!

My friends, do you know what I was trying to do that Christmas eve? I wonder if you do? Do you? I was trying as best I could to undo the work of a licensed and legalized American saloon! I was trying to give back to abandoned wifehood a husband! I was trying to restore to disinherited childhood a father! I was trying to right the wrong the ram traffic had done an unborn baby! And, somehow, as I look back to it, through the years, it seems to me the blessed work in which I was ever permitted to engage.

I sat there long that night, after this family had gone—alone with my soul and God. And in the silence and solitude of the blessed Christmas evening tide, I was born again. I found a new and holier altar than I had ever known. I saw a new heaven and a new earth. I caught the vision of a saloonless land—a sober nation—a stainless flag—and found a cause big enough to put my life upon! And it is a great matter when a man finds a cause big enough to put his life upon it.

I was governor of my state—a great commonwealth of three million people—at forty-one. My friends were kind enough to say that I might justly expect further political preferment, but that night I put my ambition on the great new altar I had found. I knew the price. I paid it gladly. I went home with the promise welling up from the depths of my soul to my Heavenly Father that if He would help me discharge to the end the duties of the great office, I then held, when they were finished I'd go to the American people and tell them the inexpressible, infinite wrong the legalized liquor traffic of this nation is doing the childhood of my country. From then till now I've kept that pledge as best I could. There is no American commonwealth into which I have not gone on this high mission; no great American city whose streets I have not walked, to whose people I have not appealed in this behalf. And that I might keep the vow I made that Christmas eve, I have called about me these consecrated men, and am leading them to and fro across the continent in this great nation-wide campaign. We seek to raise in this land a new banner—one to which the wise and good of every party, sect and creed may repair. The event is in the hands of God. As for me, I ask not to see the distant scene: One step enough for me."

"Lime Juice," Baseball Tonic

New York—"Lime Juice is the greatest thing in the world for keeping an athlete's blood in condition," said Charles Haber, the veteran trainer of the New York Federals.

Haber, who was the first man regularly employed as a trainer for a ball club, and whose skill as an osteopath prolonged the baseball careers of many of the most famous players during the past 30 years, added:

"Baseball makes a man move around fast. This has the effect of churning up his blood and heating it. Lime juice tends to act as a cooling influence and furthermore it aids in throwing off the blood impurities. If a player will drink the juice from one time daily he will never be troubled with his blood."

OUR WEEKLY LIMERICK

There was a house, occupied by one Greening,
Whose doors and windows, stood in great need of screening.



Mr. Greening
came to

Our Store

Where he found
screens galore.

Get Your Screens In Early This Year

AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO

SWAT! SWAT!! SWAT!!!

ALL THE SUMMER THROUGH.

Barricade Your Doors and Windows With Our Screens and Buy

Less Sticky-Fly Paper!

W. B. MAKINSON CO.

New York Ave. "The Flower Bed Store" Opposite Depot

The Horse That Drew the Load

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Author of "Do Something! Be Something!"

A MOVING van came rolling down the street the other day with a big-spirited Percheron in the center and two wretched nags on either side. The Percheron was doing all the work, and it seemed that he would have got along far better in single harness, than he managed with his inferior mates retarding his speed.

The advertiser who selects a group of newspapers usually harnesses two lame propositions to every pulling newspaper on his list, and just as the van driver probably dealt out an equal portion of feed to each of his animals, just so many a merchant is paying practically the same rate to a weak paper that he is allowing the sturdy profitable sheet.

Unfortunately the accepted custom of inserting the same advertisement in every paper acts to the distinct disadvantage of the meritorious medium. The advertiser charges the sum total of his expense against the sum total of his returns, and thereby does himself and the best puller an injustice, by crediting the less productive sheets with results that they have not earned.

There are newspapers in many a town that are, single handed, able to build up businesses. Their circulation is solid muscle and sinew—all pull. It isn't the number of copies printed but the number of copies that reach the hands of buyers—it isn't the number of readers but the number of readers with money to spend—it isn't the bulk of a circulation but the amount of the circulation which is available to the advertiser—it isn't fat but brawn—that tell in the long run.

There are certain earmarks that indicate these strengths and weaknesses. They are as plain to the observing eye as the signs of the woods are significant to the trapper. The news columns tell you what you can expect out of the advertising columns. A newspaper always finds the class of readers to which it is edited. When its mental tone is low and its moral tone is careless depend upon it—the readers match the medium.

No gun can hit a target outside of its range. No newspaper can aim its policy in one direction and score in another. No advertiser can find a different class of men and women than the publisher has found for himself. He is judged by the company he keeps. If he lies down with dogs he will arise with fleas.

(Copyright.)

Real Ambition Knows No Age

By Herbert Kaufman

The last chance is as good as the first. Every time the cards are reshuffled there's another winning hand in the deck. Don't give up hope—try a new deal. The when and where of success don't matter.

Your time limit is your life limit. You've already made and paid for your mistakes. They're settled in full, but you are not.

So pitch in and do something. You are competent enough. What you've lost in youth you've gained in wisdom.

Real ambition knows no age. There never was a century that offered more advantages to a grayhead.

This is the epoch of wheels and wires. Hands are no longer important tools. A brain is a far better asset than a bicep.

What if your arm is shriveled—what if your shoulders do stoop—what if your legs do wobble—what we most want is an efficient mind.

Give us an idea, teach us a big lesson, preach us an economy, point us a road, warn us from an error, stand on the side lines and coach—we are all searching for you and just as anxious to locate you as you are to prove yourself.

You're a bad salesman, your face is a poor show case. You display doubt and consequently inspire it. You discount your powers and we follow your example.

We're not skeptical of ripened maturity, but we don't trust mature cowards. We fear those who fear themselves and not less at 25 than at 52.

Opportunity judges men's hearts, not their wrinkles.

There's work for you the land over, but you can't have it until you pass muster and qualify.

Remember this is the year 1915. Have you kept up to date. Are you abreast with progress?

Surely you can't ask us to adopt obsolete viewpoints because you lack the enterprise to accept new ones.

Oh, no, you can't plead your ears in extenuation of surrender—that's unreasonable and unfair.

History denies you such excuse. She turns to Von Mohke, to Bismarck, to Haackel, to Gladstone—she points to a glorious roll of honor on which are inscribed the names of soldiers and statesmen—merchant and engineer—chemist and physician—inventor and builder—who found fame in the glow of the sunset.

It's never too late to serve—it's always too early to quit.

If things have not gone right, you have probably gone wrong.

If, despite the inspiration offered by a thousand immortals, who accomplished most and achieved farthest after their prime, you still insist that you're too old to win, be resigned to the truth—you were never young enough.

You enjoy luxuries and conveniences that Gheneis Kah: and Charles the Great and Louis the Magnificent could not command at the price of a province; running water, sanitary plumbing, elevators, electric lights, gas ranges, telephones, penny newspapers, trolley cars, steam heat and frozen air.

The fastest pace at which Caesar ever rode was less than fifteen miles an hour.

Charlemagne could make kings, but no man in all his realms could make his youth stop aching.

Napoleon's physicians were not half as competent as your family doctor.

Quit your complaining. You're better off than a medieval millionaire. You're a mightier lord than an Elizabethan baron—a sovereign in the full enjoyment of every liberty.—The Golden Age.

Chicago, Ill., July 10.—The strike of sixteen thousand carpenters which has caused the idleness of one hundred and fifty thousand men for several months was called off today when the contractors granted a scale of seventy cents an hour, effective for three years.

FLORIDA PRODUCES BIG CROPS OF OATS, CORN AND COTTON

Records of the production of corn, oats and cotton in Florida and other Southern states have just been received by A. P. Spencer of the Florida Agricultural Experiment Station, at Gainesville, from the United States Department of Agriculture, Department of Plant Industry.

The report shows that Florida last year produced under demonstration methods and average yield of 32.3 bushels of oats an acre. In the state 127 1-2 acres produced 8,953 bushels, comprising the total yield. In the production of oats Oklahoma led.

The average yield of cotton to the acre in Florida, according to the report, is 970.3 pounds. Florida's 929 1-4 acres produced 907,614.10 lbs. of cotton. Virginia's yield is 1,467.8 pounds to the acre. Her 193 1-2 acres planted in cotton produced 284,019.3 pounds.

Corn records show that Florida produces an average yield of 26.8 bushels to the acre. The total planting in 1914 was 2,808 acres, producing a total yield of 75,267.80 bushels of

corn. North Carolina topped the list with an average yield of 43.9 bushels of corn to the acre. Its total planting of 7,386.47 acres produced a total yield of 339,334.34 bushels.

Florida Records

The largest acreage of cotton planted in Florida during 1914 was in Washington county, which reported 178.5 with an average yield of 1,336.6 pounds of seed cotton to the acre. The largest average yield per acre was reported in Jackson county, which produced 1,364.54 pounds of cotton to the acre. Total planting in Jackson county amounted to 122.5 acres.

Marion county led with the largest acreage in corn. Its 488.5 acres produced an average yield of 23.07 bushels of corn. Duval county led in productivity, producing 31.15 bushels of corn to the acre.

Thirty-six and four-tenths bushels of oats were produced to the acre in Escambia county, according to the report, though the largest acreage was reported in Leon. It had twenty acres planted.

Florida Postmasters' Salaries Readjusted

Washington.—In the annual readjustment of the salaries of postmasters by Postmaster General Burleson, twenty-six Florida postmasters receive increases, while eighteen are given decreases.

Increases were allowed at the following offices: Alachua, from \$1,300 to \$1,400; Arcadia, \$2,300 to \$2,400; Boca Grande, \$1,300 to \$1,400; Bradentown, \$2,300 to \$2,400; Clearwater, \$2,100 to \$2,200; Daytona Beach, \$1,600 to \$1,700; Delray, \$1,300 to \$1,400; Fellsmere, \$1,600 to \$1,700; Fort Lauderdale, \$1,900 to \$2,100; Fort Pierce, \$2,200 to \$2,300; Homestead, \$1,300 to \$1,500; Lake City, \$2,200 to \$2,300; Lake Worth, \$1,500 to \$1,600; Monticello, \$1,700 to \$1,800; Orlando, \$2,800 to \$2,900; Palmetto, \$1,800 to \$1,900; Perry, \$1,700 to \$1,800; Plant City, \$2,300 to \$2,400; Punta Gorda, \$1,600 to \$1,700; St. Andrews, \$1,100 to \$1,200; Sanford, \$2,500 to \$2,600; Sarasota, \$1,900 to \$2,100; Tavares, \$1,100 to \$1,200; Williston, \$1,100 to \$1,300; Winter Garden, \$1,400 to \$1,500; Quincy, \$2,700 to \$2,800.

Postmasters at the following offices received decreases: Apalachicola, \$2,000 to \$1,900; Blountstown, \$1,000 to fourth class; Bonifay, \$1,100 to \$1,300; Carrabelle, \$1,300 to \$1,200; Dunnellon, \$1,500 to \$1,400; Eau Gallie, \$1,300 to \$1,200; Glen Saint Mary, \$1,300 to \$1,100; Graceville, \$1,100 to \$1,000; Hawthorn, \$1,200 to \$1,100; Jasper, \$1,500 to \$1,400; Key West, \$2,700 to \$2,600; Lake Butler, \$1,200 to \$1,100; Marathon, \$1,100 to fourth class; Mulberry, \$1,800 to \$1,700; Newberry, \$1,400 to \$1,200; St. Augustine, \$3,000 to \$2,000; Mayo, \$1,100 to \$1,000; Largo, \$1,200 to \$1,100.

The Growth of Labor

Twenty years ago the American Federation of Labor was housed in three rooms on East Market street, in Indianapolis, and access to them was up two flights of rickety stairway. There is no more striking object lesson of the growth of the federation than the fact that it is now preparing to erect a palatial five-story office building at Ninth street and Massachusetts avenue, in Washington, D. C., for its own exclusive use.

The building is to be monumental in design and the walls are to be of sufficient size to permit the addition of three or four more stories should additional office space be required. The property which has been acquired has a frontage of about sixty feet on Massachusetts avenue and 138 feet on Ninth street. There is a wide parking space on the Massachusetts avenue side. It is estimated that the new building will cost about \$750,000. It will be of light brick and stone construction. — Jacksonville — Metropolis.

What To Grow For Poultry in Florida

C. L. F. Woodward, O., writes to know what may be grown for poultry in Florida. He intends coming down this fall and engaging in poultry work.

Depending upon the class of soil you have, any of the following crops may be grown to advantage for poultry feeding: Rye, oats, corn barley, sorghum, Kaffir corn, millet, cowpeas, chufas; in addition to which we may grow the succulent green food required, such as rape, Swiss chard, collards, alfalfa, together with many of the root crops, such as mangels, turnips, beets, etc. As a rule, where a family garden is kept, there is usually enough refuse from it to keep up a good-sized flock of birds, and everybody wants a garden in Florida, where so much may be raised for home consumption, with the additional advantage of freshness that adds so much to what we grow ourselves.

Early in September is none too soon to come to stay. Our rainy season is over by that time, yet we have enough precipitation from September to December to make a garden, while not enough to make building a disadvantage at this season. Hope to have you with us soon.—Florida Grower.

Forage Crops in Land of Flowers

One of the heaviest burdens Florida farmers and country people generally have to carry is the freight tariff on hay. Just ordinary hay. We do not mean this as a fling at the railroads. They may be doing the best they can; we do not know. But we do know that a great portion of the cost of feeding hay to a horse in Florida is to be set down to the cost of transportation.

Why not raise our own provender right here and cut off this outrageous carriage. We believe that it can be done and that it will be done. We do not believe that it will be done in the same manner and in raising the same roughness which is raised in the states up the country. Florida conditions are not the same as Kentucky conditions. But, some of the hay, some sort of provender, can be grown in paying quantities in Florida. We believe it will be done at an early date.

Moreover, it will soon become a commercial product. The time will never come when town people will not need feedstuffs for cows and horses, and the country must produce it for them. The time is all too near at hand when people shall raise the stuff that feeds their own stock.—Lakeland Star.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TRIBUNE

Bees and Golden Italian Queens

Can furnish in any quantity. Delivered in St. Cloud.

Bees and Queens at the following prices.

All Nuclei Include Queens.

Queens, each \$1.00 Two frames Nuclei \$2.50

One frame Nuclei \$2.00 Three frames Nuclei \$3.00

Full Colony of eight frames, \$5.00

ALL FRAMES HOFFMAN STYLE

RUBEN MARLER St. Cloud, Florida

THE First National Bank

ST. CLOUD, FLORIDA

The Only National Bank in Osceola Co.

You should have a box in our fire-proof safety deposit vault.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

We Invite Your Account Large or Small

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

ARTHUR E. DONEGAN, President

E. G. FARRIS, D. L. RICE, WM. HALL, Vice Presidents

A. W. GUSTUS, Asst. Cashier

L. VAN DENBERGH, Teller

J. W. SQUIRES

EMIL GRAF

J. W. SMITH

LEGAL AUTHORITY DECLARES STATE BOUNDARY IS WRONG

The West Publishing Company, publishers of the Southern Reporter, an authority on legal matters, is responsible for the discovery of a discrepancy in a description of the boundary lines of Florida in the General Statutes of 1915 as compared with the original and real boundary.

The legal publication declares that the real boundary lines of the state should run as follows:

The Legal Boundary

Commencing at the mouth of the river Perdido; from thence up the middle of said river to where it intersects the south boundary line of the north latitude; thence due east to the Chattahoochee river; thence down the middle of said river to its confluence with the Flint river; thence straight to the head of the St. Marys river; thence down the middle of said river to the Atlantic ocean; thence southeasterly along the edge of the coast to the edge of the Gulf Stream; thence southwesterly along the edge of the Gulf Stream and Florida reefs to and including the Tortugas islands; thence northeasterly to a point three leagues from the main land; thence northwesterly three leagues from the land, to a point west of the mouth of the Perdido river; thence to the place of beginning.

thence northeasterly three leagues from the land, to a point west of the mouth of the Perdido river, thence to the place of beginning.

Lines Given in Statutes

The General Statutes give the boundaries of the State as follows:

Article I. Boundaries. The boundaries of the State of Florida shall be as follows: Commencing at the mouth of the river Perdido; from thence up the middle of said river to where it intersects the south boundary line of the State of Alabama, and the thirty-first degree of north latitude; thence due east to the Chattahoochee river; thence southwesterly along the edge to its confluence with the Flint river; thence straight to the head of the St. Marys river; thence down the middle of said river to the Atlantic ocean; first degree of north latitude; thence of the Gulf Stream and Florida reefs to and including the Tortugas islands; thence northwesterly to a point three leagues from the main land; thence northwesterly three leagues from the land, to a point west of the mouth of the Perdido river; thence to the place of beginning.

BELIEVES IN LIMES

St. Cloud, Fla., June 19.—(To the Florida Grower)—I received copy of Professor Hume's book. Thanks for same. It is noticeable in your issues of late that you are advocating the planting of the Tahalta lime, and I hope that you are successful in persuading would-be-growers to plant same. I have 100 trees, planted a little over a year ago, and they average now five feet high and five feet across. There are orange trees in my young grove that had exactly the same treatment, fertilizer, spraying, etc., as did the lime trees, and although the orange trees compare favorably with orange trees in other groves, their growth is entirely insignificant in comparison. I am not going to ask you to send the Stroller to see them, because we have decided not to solicit the services of said gentleman for a while yet. If he will only stay away a little while longer we will have something here that will surprise him and a few others. We are pretty sure that this community can exist and that these lands will increase in value just the same, without any free advertising. "Oh, Lord, we are not like the other poor devils." We have one tract of 235 acres set out in young grove, and the tributary route of the Dixie Highway runs through the tract. Of course, you know that St. Cloud has a population of only about 4,000 people in the winter, and that its lake, East Tohopekaliga, is only twenty miles around it, with a little better bathing beach than can be found on any other inland lake in Florida. Also, that it has included

in its population about two regiments of trained veteran soldiers, who are preparing to mobilize, entrain, declare war and attack en masse Cass street, Tampa, providing that the Florida Grower does not immediately recognize this note, this county, and this town in particular. We demand recognition of an existence, and that our ships, including even our citizenships, be respected. The only thing that can stop Little Jeff from being brought face to face with the horrors of war is for somebody to see to it that the spur of that "divine creation," the A. C. L. (made along with other creeping things) known as the Sugar Belt and extending from Kissimmee to Narcoossee, passing through St. Cloud, be put on the first inside page along with the rest of Florida. Now, I do not wish to be taken as making unnecessary claims for this district, but it must sooner or later dawn on some people that we shall have by October 1st the most southern cross-state highway in the state of Florida, and that all traffic from Tampa to Miami and intermediate points must cross this point of Osceola county, if it takes the shortest route. There is only nine miles between branches of the East and West railroads here, and the most southern cross-state road is through Sanford as yet. Trusting that you will now give us credit with an existence, and when you have the ambition, inclination and can satisfy yourself that it would be worth while you have our permission to come and see for yourself.

Yours respectfully,

S. B.



NATIONAL MAZDA

You Can Afford To Enjoy

Using these electric devices at slight cost and they save you much labor and time. Each device is complete with cord ready for immediate use.

AGENT FOR

The National Mazda Lamps—the most desirable for ordinary lighting requirements.

J. A. MCCARTHY
The Bright Light Man
St. Cloud, Florida

P. E. MORGAN
GENERAL CONTRACTOR and BUILDER
P. O. Box 178 Phone 34 St. Cloud, Fla.

ST. CLOUD TRIBUNE

Published Weekly by Seminole Land & Investment Company

S. J. TRIPLETT

Editor

Entered as Second-class Mail Matter, April 28, 1910, at the Postoffice at St. Cloud, Florida, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The Tribune is published every Thursday and mailed to any part of the United States, postage free, for \$1.50 a year, 75c six months, or 50c three months—strictly in advance.

Reading notices in local column 10 cents a line. Rates for display advertising furnished on application.

Advertising bills are payable on the first of each month. Parties not known to us will be required to pay in advance.

Important Notice!

In sending in your subscription, always state whether renewal or new subscriber.

In renewing from another postoffice, give former address.

In changing your address, be sure and give former address.

SUBSCRIPTION, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE, \$1.50 A YEAR

Will St. Cloud Get a New Depot?

After much laborious work on the part of Col. D. L. Rice, head of the Seminole Land & Investment Company, and the local Board of Trade, extending over a period of some three years, the Florida Railroad Commission was induced to visit St. Cloud and make an inspection of our depot facilities, looking to ordering the A. C. L. to build a depot in keeping with the growth of our city and the business the railroad does at this station. This visit of the commission was made after repeated promises of the railroad officials to build a new depot had been broken.

If we mistake not, it was in March or April that the commission handed down an order directing the A. C. L. to build a depot at St. Cloud and have it ready for use not later than November 1st. This is the 15th day of

July, and so far the A. C. L. has not made a move in the matter, and from present appearances will not make a move until such time as best suits the pleasure of its officers.

The Tribune is not acquainted with the inner workings of the Railroad Commission, but if its orders stand for anything, it appears to us that it would be eminently proper to ask the A. C. L. officials what their intention was in the matter. If the Commission intends to wait until November 1st to take up the matter then St. Cloud will have no new depot this winter. If the Commission would merely seek a little information along that line now, it is possible St. Cloud will have a new depot with which to celebrate Christmas.

It appears to the Tribune that this would be a proper question for the St. Cloud Board of Trade to discuss.

Shall We Have Brick or Sand Oil Roads?

As every one knows, the recent legislature passed a bill giving our county commissioners the right to levy a seven-mill tax for building and maintaining hard surfaced roads.

At the present rate of valuation, that will yield a revenue of approximately forty thousand dollars.

No part of this sum will be available until November 1st, and very little of it will be collected before April 1st of next year.

On November 1st the road fund will be behind something like sixteen thousand dollars, and that deficit must be made good out of the forty thousand collected from the 1915 taxes, which will leave the commissioners only twenty-four thousand dollars with which to build and maintain hard roads in this county.

The recent legislature also passed a law making it a criminal offense for the commissioners to incur any debt beyond the income from taxes, also that the commissioners could borrow only eighty per cent of the coming year's taxes.

All told, the commissioners will have only fifty-six thousand dollars with which to build and maintain hard surface roads in this county during the next two years.

The commissioners are on record as declaring that the first hard surface road built would be from the Orange county line to Kissimmee and thence to St. Cloud.

Some weeks ago the commissioners advertised for bids to lay a nine-foot brick road from the Orange county line to Kissimmee, a distance of three and a half miles, and last week opened the bids, one of which was \$10,352.40 per mile, and the other \$10,406.40 per mile.

The commissioners rejected both bids.

And that brings us down to the milk in the coconut.

There has been no more ardent advocate of good roads in Osceola county than the Tribune, and it will continue to be so long as it exists as a newspaper, but it never indulged in golden hued dreams, as many of our road advocates are now doing. The Tribune desires good roads built to every section of the county; it desires

sizes the road leading to the East Coast built at the earliest possible moment, but it has no hope of these desires ever being realized under our present system of road management.

To talk of building a brick road from the Orange county line to Kissimmee, from Kissimmee to St. Cloud, and from Kissimmee to the Polk county line, with the money at the disposal of our county commissioners, reminds us of two hoboes who discussed the qualities of a Delmonico lunch with only fifteen cents on their persons.

But there is a possibility we can have a few roads made hard surfaced provided we use sand and oil.

There are people in this county, and who have considerable influence, that are wedded to brick and who honestly believe there is no other material out of which a good road can be built, but these people have never seen a sand-oil road, know nothing about its cost, its durability or its freedom from dust, and from the way in which they talk, they don't want to know.

There was an experiment road built of sand-oil a year ago at Brooksville, and so successful has it proven that the commissioners of that county have decided to build all roads of that material, and last week placed an order for two thousand tons of oil.

If our commissioners desire to do the best by our people in the expenditure of the road money, let them order a few miles of road built of sand-oil. It certainly is not costly; those who have experimented with it say it meets every requirement, and costs practically nothing to keep in repair. And the best of all, it would settle for all time the question as to whether we should use brick or some other material.

Anyhow, we will never have a system of brick roads in Osceola county without a million dollar issue, and the people will never vote to place a million, or even one hundred thousand, in the hands of the present commissioners to expend on our roads or for any other purpose.

And there you are—it's either sand-oil from Kissimmee to St. Cloud or the same old road we now have for many years to come.

The Modern Scourge of God

More piffle from Germany. Another note has reached the state department containing various soft phrases and conciliatory remarks about nothing in particular. A smile—and a veiled sneer—preface the note. The United States is informed that Germany, after much consideration of our alleged grievances, has decided to allow the citizens of this nation certain rights and privileges on the supposedly free high seas, and will not murder them unless they associate with those who are persona non grata to the Imperial Absolutism.

Further text of the note bears reference to the German hate for England and a long list of the things we should slap the wrist of the British for. We are told that it is all England's fault, and that if we don't like Germany's methods, it is up to us to play the part of the cat's-paw and whip England in order that Germany may enjoy dominion of the oceans without tiresome Britons shooting her ships to pieces.

Further diplomatic intercourse with Germany is absurd. The Teuton has taken a stand, and with natural ad-

herence to his perversity will maintain that stand until forced to do otherwise. Germany and the United States are as widely apart as the two poles; the two nations having nothing in common; public opinion in each is as day compared with night; the United States is the most advanced, civilized and cultured nation on the earth, and Germany is six hundred years behind the times. She is ruled by the iron hand of a small clique of military despots who have built up a feudal system of the service of serfs with which they planned to conquer Europe and place their various selves on as many thrones, from which they intended directing the destiny of the world, and absorbing the fruits thereof.

Germany will never, until her flags are trailing in the dust behind the victorious armies of the Allies, give an inch in her negotiations with the United States. And it is a waste of time to continue the attempt. War is not necessary with Germany. Diplomatic relations can be severed without that. A nation need not declare war on pirates; such a step is not the usual procedure.

But it can defend its citizens from the murderous activities of pirates and hang them when they are captured. Nothing that has happened between this country and Germany gives us any call to declare war. But what has happened makes it imperative that we prepare to resist any further attempts to murder our citizens.

Germany is the enemy of the world. She is the enemy of civilization, of free institutions, of the liberty of the individual and the democratic form of government. Her masters attempted to throw sand in the eyes of the world when this greatest crime of history was planned and executed by her, but thoughtful men knew that her statement declaring herself the

victim, was a false and gross, countercharge played against the truthful one, that she hated all other mankind and intended their subjugation. England and France and Italy and Belgium and Russia are fighting the battle of civilization, fighting a mortal combat with the ghosts of medieval tyranny driving the souls of the rulers of modern Germany.

And the United States would do well to remember that there will be no mercy shown here if these self-sacrificing forces in Europe today are the vanquished of tomorrow.

The orgy of blood and torture and rape in Belgium would pale to insignificance by comparison with the "punishment" and "example" the wolves of "Kultur" would make history here.

We must prepare ourselves for the future. Germany has become our enemy, and the nation which crucifies wounded officers of the enemy, cuts the hands from children of the enemy, murders babies and women on the high seas, burns priceless works of art and destroys libraries which can never be replaced, is not the nation for us to supinely allow to attack.

The heart of every true American has bled with Belgium, and the brain of every American father must have sensed the possible horror of the future when that German torpedo entered the hold of the Lusitania and took to the bottom little ones as sweet and much loved as his or his neighbor's.

When you look at your child tonight sleeping peacefully, guarded and happy under your loving care, think of the rape of Belgium, and remember the German excuse that cities were burned and children murdered to "terrorize the inhabitants to non-resistance"—of marauding bandits, the followers of the second Atilla, the modern scourge of God.—A. H. H. in Tampa Tribune.

What has become of the thirteen who voted against the new City Charter?

Editor Triplet of the St. Cloud Tribune, voices his disgust in no uncertain terms, the subject being the action of the city council in turning the pages of a Sears Sawbuck catalog and picking out a fire bell and a plow. If the city council refuses to trade at home, who should?—Leesburg Commercial.

Exchange Is Growing

The growers of Narcoossee and St. Cloud have formed an association that will affiliate with the Florida Citrus Exchange. A house at Narcoossee which is already in existence, will be equipped to handle two cars a day.

Another Exchange house that has already been financed will be built just outside of St. Petersburg on the line of the Tampa & Gulf Coast Railway. Kissimmee growers have all plans made for a fine house at that point, the association to be known as the Kissimmee Citrus Growers' Association. The Kissimmee, St. Cloud and Narcoossee associations will be a part of the Orange county sub-exchange, though located in Osceola county.

Arrangements were made last week for the financing of a brand new house at Cocoa, in Brevard county. Last year the association at this point rented an equipped packing house.

Another new Exchange packing house on the Indian river will be at Fort Pierce, in St. Lucie county.

The new Exchange packing house at Arcadia will be equipped to handle ten cars a day, and will probably

be the largest house in the state. All plans for the building of new houses and for the installation of machinery, are drawn by Bert Morrill, the Exchange packing house expert, who is another California man making good in Florida.—Florida Grower.

Well Pleased with Asphalt

Brownsville, Fla., July 10.—The commissioners and the citizenship of the county as a whole are so well pleased with the short strip of asphalt road which was built as an experiment, that at a special meeting held for the purpose, the commissioners decided to hard-surface all the new roads with asphalt and gave an order for 2,000 tons of that material. Within a few days the order will be filled and work on the completion of the roads will begin.

Paris has witnessed and applauded an opera without words. This show, once more the overwhelming popularity of the movies.

MELANCHOLY DAYS

THE melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year, when you, determined to be glum, produce the flowing tear, when you refuse to see the joys surrounding every gent, and thus discourage other boys, and stir up discontent. A grouch will travel far and long before its work is done; and it will queer the hopeful song, and spoil all kinds of fun. Men start downtown with buoyant tread, and things seem on the boom; then you come forth with blistered head, and fill them up with gloom. There'd be no melancholy days, our lives would all be fair, if it were not for sorehead jays who always preach despair. We'd shake off every kind of grief, if Jonan didn't come, the pessimist who holds a brief for all things on the bum. So, if you really cannot rise above the sob and wail, and see the azure in the skies, and hear the nightingale, let some dark cave be your abode, where men can't hear you howl, and let your comrades be the toad, the raven and the owl.—Walt Mason.

Letters to the Editor

New York City, July 7, 1915.
Editor Tribune:—
Please send Tribune as far as check will reach. I expect to be there before long to see what kind of town you have.

Yours truly,
Joseph A. Rueff,
Engraver & Printer

Goodhope, Ohio, July 7, '15.
Editor Tribune:—
Find enclosed \$1.50 for renewal of subscription to the Tribune. We have spent two winters in the Wonder City and hope to spend the coming winter there. We don't feel that we can do without the Tribune.

Yours truly,
Samuel Rodgers.

Waukegan, Ill., July 5, '15.
Editor Tribune:—
Enclosed find money order for subscription. We have taken the paper ever since it started, and I certainly would feel lost without it. I have enjoyed it, and I am interested to know how the Wonder City is progressing. We spent a pleasant time there last winter, and hope to return.

Respectfully,
Mrs. B. A. Dunn.

St. Louis, Mo., July 5, 1915.
Editor Tribune:—
Sir:—I see by your notification that my subscription has expired. I am sending you \$3.00, to pay for two years. I hope this will find you and all the old boys well.

I sent you some papers a few days ago. I hope to see the sheriff's report in the Tribune. The sheriff who inspected the convent in Arkansas took his wife to visit the place after and sent their daughter to the school.

Yours truly,
Thomas W. Purcell.

Okaloosa, Kan., July 6, '15.
Editor Tribune:—
Enclosed find \$1.50. Please credit. I am going to be absent through the summer and will not be able to get the paper. Please cut out until I return.

Have been wanting to go to your city for a long time, and will certainly flow in this fall. I think there are one or two of my old regiment that live there.

Yours,
I like your paper very much.

G. W. Lowman.

Des Moines Iowa, July 8, '15.
Editor Tribune:—
Enclosed find check for \$1.50 to cover dues on paper. The Tribune is a welcome visitor in our northern home, and as we have some small holdings in the Wonder City would be pleased to hear as to the rain fall, temperature and weather in general. May and June have been cold and rainy, and furnace fires have felt good. On July 4th overcoats were very much in evidence, and it is still chilly. We expect to return to the land of sunshine in the early fall.

Yours truly,
A. M. Vance.

Williamsburg, Ky., July 9, 1915.
Editor Tribune:—
Enclosed find check for renewal of my subscription to the Tribune. I just couldn't do without it. Was sick most of the winter and did not know how my subscription stood. Thank you for sending the paper after subscription had expired. Kindly let me know hereafter if you do not get check for renewal, and I will surely forward same, as I am used to reading your paper as much or more so, than our local paper here, and I would be lost without it.

Wishing St. Cloud and the Tribune good luck and prosperity, I am,
Yours truly,
Chas. Martin.

Rochester, N. Y., July 10, '15.
Editor Tribune:—
Herein enclosed you will find P. O. money order to pay for Tribune until October 1st, 1915. I would be pleased to extend the time further but am in an unsettled attitude as to what move we shall make in the near future, owing to illness in the family. If conditions move as we devoutly desire, by the 1st of October we shall be living somewhere in your state.

We spent the winter of 1913-14 in St. Cloud. We were well treated and learned to love the city, climate and people.

St. Cloud has the wonderful magic of LIFE, more LIFE and then some. You are not what you desire, but you can and do grow. And we both thought the city was building above the clouds.

"They build too low who build below the clouds."

Yours truly,
Dr. H. A. Whitfield.

Purdin, Mo., July 6, 1915.
Editor Tribune:—
Find enclosed Postoffice money order for \$1.50, renewing my subscription to the St. Cloud Tribune from June 1, 1915.

Please excuse me for my negligence in not sending my remittance earlier. I do not want to be dropped off the list of subscribers of your valuable paper, as I think it is one of the best papers that I take, of a half dozen weekly and daily papers.

I am interested in the welfare of the old comrades of St. Cloud and like to read of their gatherings of different kinds. I was there two years ago this coming September, and I enjoyed myself very much. I think that your city is destined to be a great city. I hope to be with you this coming winter.

You have my idea of the mail-order houses. I would think that your city council would feel pretty cheap about their mail-order buying, and they should never be elected again.

Yours truly,
Robert Elliott.

St. Cloud, Fla., July 7, 1915.
To the Editor of the St. Cloud Tribune.

My Dear Mr. Triplet:—
I very much appreciate your effort to make our citizens buy at home and it is a very commendable thing, for I consider as well as yourself that money earned in a city should be spent there. However, there are two ways to look at this matter. My object is to get the most and also the best quality value for the money that I earn and for that reason I am going to spend my money where I can get the best results to my taste and way of thinking.

I have seen St. Cloud grow from its very first start. We have in this town today perhaps more grocery stores than the average town of the same population anywhere in the state. I have seen one of our most prosperous grocery men start here with a very small stock and delivered his goods on a wheelbarrow. I have seen another also start in a very small way, and now he has a brick block. Still another has well earned a farm. Three new groceries were started the past winter and all are still in business and appear to be doing well. Parties from Kissimmee have started stores here and they will admit that they make better profits here than they do in their home town. I therefore do not see that the money that is being sent out of town is doing very much harm unless it is your desire to see certain parties in town accumulate wealth quicker than they are now doing. My object in buying what I do out of town is to save money for myself instead of making an unnecessary donation of the difference in prices to people who are already doing better than I am. I will furthermore answer the assertion that some of our business men who do the most howling are themselves recipients of mail-order catalogs and that they buy their goods out of town, while complaining that their townsmen do not buy of them.

I recently had occasion to purchase a certain article for which the price asked in this town was \$14.50. I purchased the same article outside of this town and it cost me, freight included, \$8.84, a saving to me of \$5.66. I would ask you if you desire me to be patriotic enough to hand the store-keeper here \$5.66 out of my pocket for the sake of seeing him get rich quick. I will say that the articles were identical and of the same make. I certainly fail to see where any one comes to me to hand me out five-dollar bills when they get their work done cheaper elsewhere.

I do not think your crusade against mail-order houses does any good except to bring them more prominently before the residents of St. Cloud, and I consider that far more good could be done by endeavoring to get our merchants to co-operate and buy in larger quantities and give their customers the benefit of lower prices. If our merchants would sell at smaller profits they would sell more goods and the aggregate of their profits would be the same and they would have the advantage at the same time of keeping a fresher stock.

In regard to the purchases made by our City Fathers out of town, I will say that I consider that they are the custodians of the public funds and that it is their place to see that they get the best value for any corporation outlay that they make. It is not their place to make donations to any firm in town and then have the rest of the taxpayers pay for it.

Yours very truly,
W. G. King.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TRIBUNE

St. Cloud Temperature

DATE	MAX.	MIN.
July 8, . . .	93	78
" 9, . . .	94	72
" 10, . . .	91	71
" 11, . . .	92	72
" 12, . . .	93	72
" 13, . . .	90	70
" 14, . . .	93	71

ST. CLOUDLETS

Fire insurance, taxes. A. E. Drought.

Can a man be found who didn't vote for the charter?

C. E. Harlacher, Monticello, Ind., writes that he expects to make St. Cloud his home about October 1.

It will pay you to take advantage of our Saturday Specials. Edwards & Durham.

Mr. Levoe and wife, from New York, are now in St. Cloud, and expect to make this place their future home.

J. C. Rudolph writes from Salem, Ohio, and sends in his subscription, saying "the Tribune keeps us in touch with the Wonder City."

C. C. Cox says he can beat J. W. Matthews in watermelons, he having some weighing 40 pounds against Matthews' 35. Come on with your big watermelons!

Bathing in the lake is as popular as ever. Clouds continue to come over from Kissimmee almost every evening and St. Cloud people spend a good portion of their time in the water.

The luncheon served by the Woman's Improvement Club on Monday at the old G. A. R. Hall, was well patronized. We took dinner there and will do so again the first opportunity.

The committee on arrangement for the recital given by Miss Edith Williams for the benefit of the G. A. R. Hall desires to recognize the courtesy of Mr. Harry Goff, who so ably assisted them, his name having been omitted in the report of the affair.

Peter Lamb, the famous drummer of the L. L. Mitchell Pipe and Drum Corps still lives. He left St. Cloud the first of the summer and has been real quiet ever since. Today the Tribune received a request for 25 copies of the paper to be sent to 1310 Shyhard street Washington, D. C., as he has calls for them at the G. A. R. headquarters. The papers were sent.

Courtney J. Helms, from Hillsboro, Ind., has come to take a position in Marine's Pharmacy.

FOR MAYOR



W. N. GARNER

I FAVOR

- A Progressive City.
- Economic Expenditure of the People's Money.
- A Clean City, and by that, I mean not only beautiful lawns and gardens, but clean streets and clean alleys.
- Honest and Strict Enforcement of State Laws and City Ordinances.

W. N. Garner.

S. W. Porter, Real Estate, Insurance, Fertilizer, Ground Limerock. 34-11

The Haines City baseball club is expected to play in this city one week from today.

Below cost to clean up big stock of Aluminum Ware. Saturday only Edwards & Durham. 46-11

Whenever you want your fire chief and you don't know where to locate him, call up Central.

Miss Ruby Prevatt brought a party of friends over from Kissimmee Tuesday night in her new auto to take a dip in the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Baerss, who left here some time ago for California, write and say that Mr. Baerss' health is improving, but they long for their St. Cloud friends. We expect them here again in the fall.

Lieut. S. J. Entrikin left for a short stay in St. Petersburg Monday. He hopes the salt air will put new vigor in him after his little sick spell.

The Ladies Aid Society held a meeting of Mr. Bayles on Tuesday morning to help celebrate his birthday. Dainty refreshments were served.

The Ladies' Aid Society held a meeting at the home of Mrs. John Nelson, on Wisconsin avenue and Tenth street last Tuesday. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. Marvin Keithly and two sons, Marvin and Oscar, age 12 and 7, arrived from Fort Worth, Texas, last Saturday evening, to visit with her brother, L. A. Guessaz, who is connected with this paper. They will remain for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Veeder showed us some very fine freestone peaches which were grown on her place here. She says she doesn't know what kind they are as they were growing there when she came. The only ones we have seen which excell them were grown by Mr. Marsh.

A letter from B. T. Martin, 85 years old, Ellendale, N. D., says he intends to come to St. Cloud in October. He arrived in North Dakota June 23 last and says the winter has been very bad, a big fire being necessary July 1st. He longs to get back to dear old St. Cloud.

FREE, ICE-COLD LEMONADE AT EDWARDS & DURHAM SATURDAY. 46-11

We sent out a number of notices of "Subscriptions Paid" last week, and almost all have responded with a renewal and nice words of encouragement to make a better paper. We do not send receipts unless requested, for the wrapper of the paper carries the date of expiration.

Miss Lottie Doolittle writes from Cambondale, Ohio, that she gets the Tribune every Monday and that it makes her home-sick for St. Cloud. She says it's like meeting an old friend. Miss Jessie Doolittle writes and says she is sick for the sight of a Florida Cracker.

Comrade E. W. Pratt and wife, of Seventeenth street and Minnesota avenue, each with a double chin and a Florida grin, left last Monday morning for an extended sojourn in the mountains of Clay county, W. Va. We bespeak for this aged couple a pleasant and safe journey.

PROPERLY FITTED GLASSES AFFORD GREAT RELIEF IN A GREAT MANY CASES OF NEUROUSNESS AND HEADACHES. SEE DR. GRADY, EYE-SIGHT SPECIALIST, AT MARINE'S DRUG STORE, FRIDAY, JULY THE 16th. 46-11

Thomas A. Valentine, Philadelphia, Pa., Co. K, 102nd Pa. Inf.; U. S. Franklin, Co. B, 13th Pa. Cav., Post 18 G. A. R., has sent in his subscription and says he would like to make St. Cloud his home, but that he has a government job elsewhere. He compliments the Tribune and says he has two fine sons who would like information about the Wonder City. We will be glad to have them locate here.

The ladies of the M. E. Church are awaiting specifications before beginning the work of putting concrete steps in place of the wooden ones at the Methodist church. The new steps will have 14-inch tread and six inch rise.

The baseball club plays in Orlando today.

Another big ice Aluminum Sale Saturday. Edwards & Durham, 46-11

A. E. Drought was a business caller at Kissimmee on Wednesday.

Mrs. Harry Johnson went to Tampa Friday to join her husband.

G. D. Davis, of Deer Park, Fla., was a business caller at St. Cloud on Monday.

The Board of Trade met last night and transacted much important business.

Mr. Levoe, wife and child, from New York, came in last week and will locate here.

Lee George Edwards left for a business trip down the West Coast. He will take in the territory by auto.

FREE, ICE-COLD LEMONADE AT EDWARDS & DURHAM SATURDAY. 46-11

C. A. Richards left today for New York and Michigan. He will return in the fall.

Don't forget W. B. Makinson Co.'s Bargain Sale continues until July the 20th. 46-11

Mac Arrowsmith and Floyd Mosher were Kissimmee visitors Sunday evening.

Mrs. James Moorehouse, of Narcoossee, was shopping in our city on Saturday.

T. J. Fertic and Sol Padgett, of Keenansville, were St. Cloud callers on Tuesday.

L. C. Riddle returned Tuesday from a visit of two weeks with his parents in South Carolina.

John J. Johnston and family left Friday evening to spend a few weeks at Ashville, N. C.

F. M. Benjamin has beautified his home on Minnesota avenue and Ninth street with a coat of paint.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Shambow and Miss Hazel Shambow motored to Kissimmee Sunday afternoon.

We regret to say that Mrs. W. Miller is not well this week, but hope she will soon be out again.

F. F. H. Pope returned Friday evening last from Kent, Ohio, where he has spent the past few weeks.

P. D. Gibbs who used to make St. Cloud his home, but who is now a railway mail clerk, spent a few days here this week.

Roy Vandenburg, Mack Arrowsmith and Harry Todd were motoring Monday night and ran over a cow.

IF YOU NEED GLASSES DON'T DELAY, BUT SEE DR. GRADY, OPTOMETRIST, AT MARINE'S DRUG STORE, FRIDAY, JULY THE 16th. 46-11

Mrs. Ralls, Mrs. Franchard and Mrs. Roberts spent the day yesterday at Campfield. They had a delightful trip.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hendrix started this morning to spend some time with friends and relatives at Avon by the Sea, N. J.

It means you can buy many things at W. B. Makinson Co.'s for less than cost during their money-raising sale. Call and see for yourself. 4-11

Let George do it. Your interior and exterior decorating. If you don't do business with George you both lose money, so don't be too hard on him. 46-11

Mrs. W. I. Barber and little daughter, of Kissimmee, are spending a few days this week with Mrs. Barber's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Caldwell, on Michigan avenue.

On Monday last W. A. Morris and wife, and Mrs. Arthur Morris, motored over to Kissimmee for a pleasure and shopping trip. They spent a delightful day in our neighboring city.

Morris Goodrich, who is laid up with fever, is not much improved. Morris has a host of friends who are deeply interested in him, and everything possible is being done to help him get well.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TRIBUNE

N. J. Gottlieb is in town this week from Ozala.

J. H. Lee, of Savannah, Ga., is in St. Cloud this week.

J. T. Brower, from Savannah, Ga., was in St. Cloud yesterday.

L. U. Zimmerman was in the Wonder City yesterday. He comes from Kissimmee Park.

Mrs. T. M. Murphy, of Kissimmee, was a visitor to the city this morning between trains.

Mr. Feathers reports some 39-lb. watermelons, but he's got to do better than that to lead.

The Golden Rule Girls and Yoke Fellows had a big party on Tuesday evening at the home of Judge Peckham on the lake front. The evening was devoted to games, music and refreshments.

The Sewing Club met with Mrs. James A. Grimm on Tuesday afternoon, with a large attendance of enthusiastic members. Refreshments were served at four o'clock.

Word received from Mr. and Mrs. Watts tell of their enjoyable trip by water to Baltimore and of their visiting Cincinnati and visiting the ruins in the wake of the recent storms.

K. E. Hanzely representing a map company, is in the city for the purpose of making a map of St. Cloud for fire and insurance purposes. The work will require about ten days.

H. W. Rummel, of "Green Gables," returned to St. Cloud from Indiana, where he has been very ill at the home of his daughter for a number of weeks. We hope the reviving climate of St. Cloud will soon restore him to his normal condition.

W. J. O'Brien and wife who read the Tribune while in Los Angeles, Cal., and decided to come and look at St. Cloud, and who arrived here last week, have rented a cottage and are occupying it until their home can be built. They have purchased property and expect soon to be in their own home. These are the kinds of citizens the Tribune is ever striving to get to come to St. Cloud.

Miss Pearl Bass Won First Prize

We are requested by Miss Pearl Bass to express her appreciation to her many friends for their aid in securing the votes which won for her the first prize in the voting contest at the Seminole Pharmacy.

Dance at Lake Front Pavilion Tonight

The young men from Kissimmee are to give a dance at the pavilion on the lake front tonight. A big time and a good crowd is expected. You are requested to come and make this dance a success.

Baseball on Home Grounds this Afternoon

The painters and carpenters are to meet this afternoon on the local baseball grounds for a game of ball. The public are urged to come. There will be no collection for admission.

No doubt this will be the most exciting game ever pulled off here. The painters have a grudge against the carpenters which is of long standing. The carpenters love the painters in the same way. There will be extra police to guard the lives and limbs of the spectators, but there will be no restrictions placed on the maiming and killing of either carpenters or painters. This contest will be to a finish and the side having the largest number of players in condition after the fight is over is to gather up the wounded and bring them in.

The painters have declared that they will smear up the carpenters in such shape their mothers won't know them. And the carpenters have declared their intention to nail the painters down so hard and fast that it will be necessary to use a crowbar to pry them loose.

Come to the grounds at 3 o'clock this afternoon and witness this titanic struggle.

SEMINOLE PHARMACY
Voting Contest
CLOSED

BUT WE STILL CARRY THE BEST ICE CREAM IN THE STATE AND ALL KINDS OF DRUGS AND TOILET ARTICLES

STANDING OF THE CONTESTANTS

1st Prize:	Miss Pearl Bass \$1,700	1st Prize:	\$12.00 Eastman Folding Kodak.
2nd Prize:	Miss Lottie Doolittle \$70.300	2nd Prize:	\$6 Parker's Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.
3rd Prize:	Miss Elsie Feathers \$21.400	3rd Prize:	\$2.50 in gold
4th Prize:	Miss Lizzie Murray \$13.700	4th Prize:	\$1.50 Parker Fountain Pen.

Motor Party to
Beautiful Canoe
Creek Held up

On Sunday last Mrs. Ed. Ely got out her Overland and accompanied by Mrs. P. E. Morgan, Miss Arrowsmith and Mrs. Atwood, drove to Canoe Creek. They had a most delightful time and had decided that the Canoe Creek section was the damnest place ever.

On the way back they were held up in a very effective manner by highwaymen? No. Nothing but one little animal which resembles a kitten. But it was not a kitten—it was a skunk—which blocked the road and declined to get out. The big car could have run over this little skunk but the ladies declined to do it, for every time the claxon sounded the skunk took the position of a soldier during retreat and the ladies were afraid to come within range of his spraying apparatus.

The skunk decided finally to take to the bushes and the car shot by at a rapid rate.

Five-Pound Beet

L. L. Baker brought a beet weighing five pounds and measuring 21 inches in circumference to this office last week. It was of the red variety and grew on top of the ground instead of under, as we always thought beets should grow. We have grown much larger beets here but this one was worthy of mention.

Pleasant Trip to
McLain's Still

Lieut. S. J. Entrikin cranked up his big white auto and invited Billy Dale, Mr. Brown and L. L. Lucas to take a ride out to the turpentine still, which is on the far side of the lake. After a delightful drive through a beautiful country we arrived at the still and Lieutenant Entrikin introduced us to his friend, Mr. McLain, who operates the still and turpentine farm. We were royally entertained, filled up on watermelon and shown the workings of the still and given a drink of turpentine. Mrs. McLain's two sisters from Atlanta are visiting her and are most delightful ladies. The whole auto party are puzzling their brains for an excuse to visit the still again. All seemed to take great interest in the turpentine business.

The roads in this section need working badly in places, though it would not be a great task to put them in condition, plenty of material being sections of the road and all that is necessary is to spread it. This section is bound to develop in the near future and prices of land are going up. Lieutenant Entrikin is fencing four square miles which is owned by a company in which he is interested and on which it is intended to place a great herd of cattle and hogs.

BEYOND HER KEN

"Ah," said the good old man whose taxes had just been raised, "this life is full of trials."

"Yes," replied the lady who had just secured her third divorce, "but I don't see why these church people should be so fussy about it, as long as they don't have to pay the costs."

If some propositions, obnoxious to reason, are yet true, reason is an unsafe guide for man and should be disregarded. But throw away your reason and where are you?

WEDDING BELLS

WILCOX-STEWART

On Tuesday, June 29th, Mr. Ralph Wilcox, of St. Cloud, was married to Miss Nellie Stewart, of Indianapolis, Ind., in Jacksonville, Fla.

Mr. Wilcox has been City Marshal of St. Cloud for a long time, and that he has the respect and confidence of the people was evidenced by his almost unanimous election a short time ago.

Miss Stewart is a niece of our citizen, W. A. Stewart, and while on a visit to her uncle last April and May, made many friends in the Wonder City, among whom was Mr. Wilcox, who evidently decided that she was necessary to his happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox are at home to their many friends on Delaware avenue, between Fifth and Sixth streets.

Rebeccas Gave
Shower to our
City Marshal

The lodge of Rebeccas on Monday night, last met with their friends in the Odd Fellows' hall and brought many useful and pretty presents to our City Marshal, Ralph Wilcox, who was married to Miss Nellie Stewart, of Indianapolis, Ind., on Tuesday, June 29th.

Music and refreshments were the order of the evening and a more pleasant crowd could not be found anywhere. The marshal and his wife were seated in the middle of the room and the assembled guests marched around them in groups of three abreast, after which they closed in and removed the cover from the table laden with gifts.

Mr. Ralph Wilcox has been city marshal for a long time and has the respect and confidence of the people as evidenced by the vote given him in the last election.

Picnic on Lake Shore

A party consisting of J. D. Harris and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Gessford, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Kenney and daughter Harriet, Mrs. Fern Cline and daughters Ruth and Helen, and Jules Daseen spent the Fourth picnicking in the grove near E. P. Wentworth's home on the lake front. The day was spent in bathing and the playing of games and feasting on the good things usually relied on a picnic.

When the storm came up the party took refuge at the Wentworth cottage which was nearby. The Wentworths are so hospitable that it is a great pleasure to go there.

All returned home late in the evening, tired but saying the trip would soon be repeated.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

"Both my husband and I had to go to the hospital the day we were married and submit to operations for appendicitis."

"What an unfortunate experience."

"Oh, it might have been worse. We probably would have spent the money on a honeymoon anyhow."

BUILDING A SILO

It is not economical to build one for less than 8 or 10 cows. Those expecting to build should correspond with the college of agriculture of their state to secure plans, bills of the materials required and any other information that they may desire.



Make Your Florida Home Beautiful Increasing Comfort and Cash Value

Mr. and Mrs. Old and the children motored through Florida last fall in search of a ready-made property. Mr. Old had in mind a place with beautiful surroundings and out-of-door attractions. Mrs. Old wanted a comfortable home, with spacious grounds where she could spend the spare time amid the trees, vines, plants and flowers. The Old children wanted a Florida home that had the shade and beauty of their former one at the North. The Olds looked at several properties with well planned houses, but there was always something lacking in the layout of the grounds. They saw other places surrounded by charming lake, river and woodland scenery, but the appealing touch in home and grounds was missing. Finally they came to a well planned house located in grounds laid out with beautiful walks and decorated with shady palms and other trees, and groups of flowering plants, bushes and vines. They paid twenty-five per cent more for this property because it had been made beautiful and attractive than that at which they were offered another just as good but not so improved by planting.

Plant Your Grounds During Warm Weather

There are lots of people like the Olds who are looking for attractive Florida places, but there are very few homes for sale that have the right sort of setting. It is a very simple and inexpensive plan to add hundreds of dollars to the value of your place through the expenditure of a few dollars for trees, palms and plants. The investment will pay big in comfort as long as you own the place and in cash when you want to sell. There is a large group of nursery stock that is suitable for warm weather planting. Plants establish themselves more quickly during the summer than in winter months.

Use Trees from Royal Palm Nurseries

Royal Palm Nurseries have a full assortment of trees and plants especially adapted to Florida which may be put out during the warm weather. The many acres devoted to these nurseries at Oneco, in the land of Manatee, contain an endless variety of planting material from which to select that needed to make your home and grounds beautiful and valuable. Customers are furnished with specific information about varieties and planting methods which is of great value. Decide to beautify your place; write now for the Royal Palm Nurseries catalog and see how much you can do on a very small outlay.

Reasoner Brothers, Royal Palm Nurseries
274 Benedict Avenue, Oneco, Florida



YOUR OPPORTUNITY

By J. Y. PORTER, State Health Officer

There is a tide in the affairs of men that taken at the right time and in the right way, gives at least a fair chance of filling out the natural span of life.

The stop-look-listen signs become more frequent as the years go by and they are in bigger type—they become more emphatic as maturity ripens into age.

The average American is credited with the ambition to "die in the harness." It used to be in the old Western days, to meet the end with "his boots on." But why?

Why should we not, as age creeps on, decrease our strenuous activities, mental and physical, and enjoy the fruits of an energetic and useful life? Why should we not sit quietly and watch with becoming pride the activities of the men and women who are to follow us, those whom we have trained to continue our work, and watch the development of enterprises we have established?

For most of us the answer is plain and easy, if not complimentary; for most of us have not acquired the financial independence that permits a leisurely old age. Our "plie" is not of sufficient dimensions that we do not have to supplement it by our continued exertions for a livelihood.

This growing old is a hard proposition for most of us to realize and to accommodate ourselves to. We have to be mighty close to complete wreck before we admit that age is winning the game. But it is inevitable, sooner or later, for all of us—the time when we have to acknowledge defeat and take our weary way to the scrap heap. Yet, what is more charming, more splendid, more dignified than a gracious old age, that has forgotten the bitterness of the battle and the quickly watching the game of life with an interest no less intense than if it had part in it?

But these warnings—what are they and what are they for? The pliancy of arteries and muscles gradually diminishes after man has reached his physical prime. The strenuous exertions of the thirties and forties over-

tax the fifties and sixties. The headaches that follow long continued and hard thought are warnings against it. They are warnings that the prudent man heeds. The hardening of the eye lens calls for rest of the eye. The worried brain resents the over-tax put upon it. They are among the signs, which unheeded, culminate in the sudden collapse or the broken blood vessel in the brain, and we call it "a stroke." It is the beginning of the premature end that might have been postponed for years.

These warnings have a cause. They are sufficient, nay, they are a demand, to break the practices of years and consult the doctor, the specialist, and to follow his advice. These signs are many. They come in line with our greatest overtax.

The breakdown of most human wrecks comes more from worry than from physical exertion, and most worries are about comparatively unimportant details rather than about general policies and principles. Old age, when necessity compels continued activity, should concern itself with generalities and leave details to the younger men, who are in the midst of the fight.

This world is going on without you when you are gone. Probably it will go on better and smoother than when you were here, and fifty years will work a transformation that will make today look like the Middle Ages. You are not essential to the world's progress, for it will continue without you just the same as if you had never existed. But you owe it to the world to stay in it as long as you can and to keep yourself as fit as possible to do your part, to boost as long and as hard as your best physical and mental condition and natural abilities will permit.

Florida's Thanks

To every one who in any way helped in passing the Statewide Vital Statistics Law enacted by the legis-

lature at its last session, is due the thanks of Florida.

Health authorities, and civic, social and commercial organizations—national, state and municipal—and numerous individuals interested in public health, have freely given encouragement, advice and help in moulding the sentiment which made possible this legislation.

Especially are the many municipalities of the state, and the members of their governments, where the Model Ordinance has been enacted, to be congratulated and thanked, for their initiative and example, more than to any other factor, is to be ascribed the successful end.

The new statute follows the Model Law section for section, and almost word for word, and such changes as were made, were in almost every instance improvements suggested by experts from experience with similar laws.

When this law is in operation, each person and each social, political and commercial body of the state, will sooner or later be brought to realize the great boon of individual birth and death records, and the value of all the statistics of the vital events of the lives of Floridians as personal and community data.

This law marks the beginning of the end which has been worked and hoped for since the State Board of Health was established in 1889, for through it can be confidently expected complete and accurate vital statistics of all the people of the state.

J. Y. Porter,
State Health Officer.



ANY GOOD CARPENTER

in St. Cloud will tell you that our yard is headquarters for

Lumber and Building Material

They know it's impossible to do good work with poor material; that is why the majority of the carpenters, contractors and builders are customers of ours. It's plain enough, isn't it?

BUCKLEY & MORGAN
St. Cloud, Florida

His Fourth of July Letter

Dear Bill—Your letter was received & I was very glad to hear from you that you was well and the nice time you had Out Fishin well I said id ride so Please excuse the Pen and the Handwriting which I Guess looks jes like our old Hen Waa make marks for you to Read But never mind hear goes you Want to know just How Us kids put in the Fourth I spose well Bill ive got 3 Fingers left & Hoap you have got the same But paw said After this hear fourth why gettishburg was tame the Fire-crackers was good this year & went off with a Bing Remember how last years ones sized these made the welkin Ring well we had 27 packs which with the Girls packs made just 30 whar us kids shot off because Girls is afraid youd laffed to see the fambly Cat jump over the back Fence & Chase herself just when the Fun was redly to commence the girls helped to subraid the jack they come in handy there cause kids puts out the fire unless they take a lot of Care & in the first bunch was three Kings and Quilt a lot of queans I wonder why the yaller ones makes more noise than the Greens the girls would lite one on the Ground then scream and run away but Frekrently they don't go off and then it doesn't pay its better if you wait until the Fuse begins to size Then toss em quick up in the Air They bang then and don't go size we put sun under a Tin Can youd ort to heard em crack & then what did we go and do but let off a hole Pack the Cannon Cracker followed next and goodness what a rore & when we went up to the Place a great big Hole wuz torn at Noon we feasted on Ice cream and Drank pink Lemonade then went down to the tournament gave by the Fire Brigade boys cupling contests fat Mans races nothin you cant name & then down on the Ball lot was a reel championship game at Nite down on the Green they had a Big fireworks Display & my i guess them Skyrockets just turned Nite into day well that is all i guess Rite soon and is the dog alete & how is them glonie Pigs that came the other nite Well i must close now cause the kids is goin in to swim p. x. does Lizzie think im Mad? i hain.

Yours truly,
Jim.

"Does your father object because I am paying attention to you?" No, Paw says he's glad to see you paying something, if it's only attention."

CHURCH DIRECTORY

M. E. Church

Sunday School at 9:30; sermon at 10:30; Junior League at 2 p. m.; class for Bible study at 3 p. m. Epworth League at 6 p. m.; sermon at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 p. m. Rev. Geo. H. Northrop, pastor.

First Presbyterian Church

Sunday School 9:30 a. m.; sermon, at 10:30 a. m.; Christian Endeavor at 6 p. m.; sermon at 7 p. m.; prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 p. m. Rev. W. L. Hackett, pastor.

First Baptist Church.

Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30. B. Y. F. U. at 6 p. m. Preaching at 7 p. m. Prayer service Wednesday night at 7 o'clock. Ladies Aid first Friday of the month at 2:30 p. m. Mission study class, second Friday of the month at 2:30. John Melmaker, pastor.

Episcopal Church

Morning service every Sunday morning at 10:30 at the Episcopal Guild Hall. L. D. Frost, Lay Reader.

First Christian Church

Bible School 9:30 a. m.; preaching 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Junior Endeavor, 3:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor 6 p. m.; Prayer Meeting 7 p. m. Wednesday evenings, W. F. Kenney pastor.

Christian Science Society

The Christian Science Society holds services every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock; also every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock, at their church, corner Minnesota ave. and Eleventh street. All are welcome. Mrs. Amelia R. Robinson, First Reader.

Seventh Day Adventist

Kentucky Avenue between 11th and 12th Street; Sabbath School every Saturday at 9:30 a. m. sharp. Church service at 10:30 a. m.

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

I---Introductory

Through the Press Service of Agriculture and Commerce, the master minds of this nation will be invited to the public forum and asked to deliver a message to civilization. Men who achieve seldom talk, and men who talk seldom achieve. There is no such thing as a noisy thinker, and brevity is always a close companion to truth.

It will be a great privilege to stand by the side of men who can roll in place the cornerstone of industry; to associate with men who can look at the world and see to the bottom of it; to commune with men who can hear the roar of civilization a few centuries away.

Too often we listen to the rabble element of our day that cries out against every man who achieves, "Crucify him." Mankind never has and probably never will produce a generation that appreciates the genius of its day. There never will be a crown without a cross, progress without sacrifice or an achievement without a challenge.

This is an age of service, and that man is greatest who serves the largest number. The present generation has done more to improve the condition of mankind than any civilization since human motives began their upward flight. The Greeks gave human life inspiration, but while her orators were speaking with the tongues of angels, her farmers were plowing with forked sticks; while her philosophers were emancipating human thought from bondage, her traffic

moved on two-wheeled carts driven, and oftentimes drawn, by slaver; while her artists were painting divine dreams on canvas, the streets of proud Athens were lighted by fire-brands dipped in tallow.

The genius of past ages sought to arouse the intellect and stir the soul but the master minds of today are seeking to serve. Civilization has assigned to America the greatest task of the greatest age, and the greatest men that ever trod the greatest planet are solving it. Their achievements have astounded the whole world and we challenge every age and nation to name men or products that can approach in creative genius or masterful skill in organization, the marvelous achievements of the tremendous era of the present day. Edison can press a button and turn a light on multiplied millions of homes; Vail can take down the recorder and talk with fifty millions of people; McCormick's reaper can harvest the world's crop, and Fulton's steam engine moves the commerce of land and sea.

The greatest thing a human being can do is to serve his fellow men; Christ did it; Kings decree it, and wise men teach it. It is the glory of this practical age that Edison could find no higher calling than to become the janitor to civilization; Vail the messenger to mankind; McCormick the hired hand to agriculture, and Fulton the teamster to industry, and blessed is the age that has such masters for its servants.

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

II---L. E. Johnson

On Two-Cent Passenger Rates



The farmers of this nation are vitally interested in railroad rates and equity between passenger and freight rates is especially important to the man who follows the plow for the farmer travels very little but he is a heavy contributor to the freight revenues.

Some of the states have a two cent passenger rate and whatever loss is incurred is recovered through freight revenue. The justice of such a procedure was recently passed upon by the Supreme Court of West Virginia and the decision is so far-reaching that we have asked L. E. Johnson, president of the Norfolk and Western Railway whose road contested the case to briefly review the suit. Mr. Johnson said in part:

"Some ten years ago, passenger fares were fixed by the legislatures of a large number of states at two cents a mile. As a basis for such economic legislation, no examination was made of the cost of doing the business so regulated, nor was any attention given to the fact whether such a rate would yield to the railway companies an adequate or any net return upon the capital invested in conducting this class of business.

"Such a law was passed in West Virginia in 1907. The Norfolk and Western Railway Company put the rate into effect and maintained it for two years. Its accounting during these two years showed that two cents a mile per passenger barely paid the out-of-pocket cost and nothing was left to pay any return on capital invested. It sought relief from the courts. Expert accountants for

both the State and the Railway Company testified that the claims of the railroad were sustained by the facts. Two cents did not pay the cost of carrying a passenger a mile. The State, however, contended that the railroad was earning enough surplus on its state freight business to give a fair return upon the capital used in its passenger as well as its freight business. For the purposes of the case, the railroad did not deny this, but held to its contention that the State could not segregate its passenger business for rate fixing without allowing a rate that would be sufficient to pay the cost of doing business and enough to give some return upon the capital invested in doing the business regulated. This was the issue presented to the Supreme Court. Its decision responds to the judgment of the fair-minded sentiment of the country. The Supreme Court says that, even though a railroad earns a surplus on a particular commodity by charging reasonable rates, that affords no reason for compelling it to haul another's person or property for less than cost. The surplus from a reasonable rate properly belongs to the railway company. If the surplus is earned from an unreasonable rate then that rate should be reduced. The State may not even up by requiring the railroad to carry other traffic for nothing or for less than cost.

The decision is a wholesome one and demonstrates that the ordinary rules of fair dealing apply to railway companies. The fact that one makes a surplus on his wheat crop would never be urged as a reason for compelling him to sell his cotton at less than cost. It would not satisfy the man who wanted bread to be told that its high price enabled the cotton manufacturer to get his raw product for less than cost. In this case the court reaffirmed the homely maxim that each tub must stand upon its own bottom."

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

III---Julius Kruttschnitt

On Financing Railroads



The farmers of this nation need to become better acquainted with the railroad men and their problems. It is only those who know that can give us information and the farmers of America should listen attentively to what the men who manage railroad property

have to say. Mr. Kruttschnitt, executive head of the Southern Pacific, has written an article dealing with the financing of railroads. He said in part:

"The financing of a railroad is a function which the people, through their servants, the Railroad Commissioners and the Legislators, have never attempted, but it is a most important problem, especially to sections of a State where new railroads are needed. The placing of securities has been left entirely with the promoter and owner of railroads.

"The immediate determination of what earnings the railroad shall be permitted to receive and what burdens it shall have put on it is in the hands of other servants of the public

—the Legislators and the Commissioners.

"Managing a railroad is quite different from managing a government where the money is raised by taxation. When the expenditures, for good reasons or otherwise, increase, taxes can be equally increased. The railroads, while servants of the public, cannot raise money with such ease and facility. The railroads must keep their expenditures within their incomes because while they have some control over their expenditures they have almost no control over their incomes, their rates being fixed by public authorities.

"There is not a railway manager in the country today who is not fearful that under the press of increasing demands the transportation systems of the country will, in a few years, break down, unless the railroads are allowed to earn larger funds wherewith to build it up. There are vast sections of the country, especially in the West, where more railroads are needed and they cannot be built unless the railroads raise new capital.

"People invest money in order to make money, and they are skeptical as to whether they can make money by investing in concerns that are dealt with stringently and unfairly. Railroad securities must be made more attractive to invite investments, and in order that they may be made more attractive, the roads must be allowed earnings that will enable them to meet the increased capital charges."

Cow Peas

All the standard varieties in stock. Will sell you one quart or one carload. How many do you want and where do you want them delivered?

Kilgore Seed Co.

Plant City, Fla.

Woman's Improvement Club

The club was called to order by President Mrs. Ethel Thompson.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Three new members were voted in—Mrs. Goodrich, Mrs. Hatcher and Mrs. Jennings.

Mr. Bonnell, Mr. Blouinset and Judge Decker were given a vote of thanks for books donated to our library.

The president received a card of membership for the L. I. C. from the Central Florida Highway Association. We are proud to be the only ladies' organization represented in the Orlando convention.

The little Teddy that Mrs. Veeder named and gave, the club earned one dollar and forty-eight cents for our library building. No, no one ever guessed his name, so I'll tell you: It was "Lie." (L. I. C.)

The Priscilla Club presented us with a check for \$12, paying their dollar a month pledge in advance.

Mrs. George is in receipt of a letter from Mrs. J. W. Squires and a check for \$10 for our library and club fund.

We feel that every citizen, old and young, should be interested in our plans and purposes. We are buying two extra lots at \$175.00 each, that the young folks may have a tennis court and play ground. We are a very industrious order of ladies. We serve ice cream and cake every Saturday in the hotel porch. Come and eat cream with us.

Our twelve o'clock lunch on election day was quite a success. We wish to thank every donor and especially our editor for his fine watermelons. We have four hundred dollars in the bank for our library fund. A pretty good start—but only a start. Now help us and we will help you make our city more beautiful and even a better place to live.

Mrs. L. Daugherty, P. C.

Regular Meeting of L. L. Mitchell Corps

L. L. Mitchell W. R. C. No. 12 met in regular session July 8th, with the President, Jennie Kloos, in the chair. At roll call three officers were absent and vacancies were filled from the floor.

Reports were called for, and the auditing committee's report was read and accepted.

Chairman of the committee on cemetery work reported progress, and thinks work will soon be completed. Penny collection, 40 cents.

Present, 27 members and one visitor. After a harmonious meeting the Corps adjourned to meet July 22nd.

Flora Cox, P. C.

Birthday Surprise

Mr. J. V. Beck, who lives at Mr. Kaufmann's, on Ohio avenue, near Ninth street, passed his 74th birthday Tuesday and was pleasantly surprised by the young people of the L. T. L. and some of their friends by a visit and shower of birthday postcards. About forty participated in making this a memorable milestone in this good man's life, and in wishing him many more birthdays, and pleasant ones, in the years to come.

Standard Field Boxes

CHAPTER 6950—(No. 144).

An act regulating the size and construction of boxes for field purposes to be used by packers of oranges, grapefruit and lemons in the purchase of said fruit from the growers, and describing the size and construction thereof, to be known as the Standard Field Box, and providing penalties therefor.

Be it Enacted by the Legislature of the State of Florida:

Section 1. That all field boxes to be used in the sale of oranges, grapefruit and lemons by growers to packer or buyer shall be of the uniform size of twelve inches wide, thirteen inches high and thirty-three inches long, and shall contain a middle partition not less than three-fourths of one inch thick.

Sec. 2. Any person, firm or corporation violating the provisions of this act shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars (\$100.00), or imprisonment not exceeding six months.

Sec. 3. That all laws and parts of laws inconsistent with the provisions of this Act be and the same are hereby repealed.

Sec. 4. This Act shall take effect upon its passage and approval by the Governor.

Approved June 3rd, 1915.

COUNTY AGRICULTURAL AGENT B. E. EVANS IS AGAIN EMPLOYED

Mr. B. E. Evans will be with the growers of this county for another year, the county commissioners having re-employed him.

Mr. Evans has done much valuable work in Osceola county in the past twelve months, and that he should continue the work is only good judgment, and economics. Mr. Evans will receive \$1,500 a year and will pay his own expenses, both traveling and personal. The county will pay \$500 of this salary and the United States government \$600. Last year Mr. Evans received \$1,200, and the county paid his traveling expenses.

A. K. Spencer, of Gainesville State University, addressed the Board of County Commissioners at their meeting last week in behalf of Mr. Evans and explained the progress of the work in Florida.

Many prominent men of the county

made addresses complimentary to the work of Mr. Evans, among whom were the following: Sam Brammar, representing the St. Cloud Board of Trade; H. C. Stanford of the Kissimmee Board of Trade; John M. Lee, J. W. Prentiss, W. J. Fripp, representing the Osceola county Fruit & Truck Growers' Association.

A number of petitions signed by farmers and growers were presented asking for the re-employment of Mr. Evans.

Mr. Evans submitted a report of his work for the year to the board, but it is too lengthy for this issue.

We do not know of a better man to fill the position, and the county having a great number of northern people who need instructions in Southern farming methods, it is self evident that Mr. Evans should remain with us another year.

Socialist Lectures Ida Crouch-Hazlett

St. Cloud, Fla., July 14, '15.

Editor Tribune:—

Socialism being a leading question today, I trust the following expressions of thought will find space in your valuable paper.

Jesse Pasternack.

That St. Cloud is leading in the march of progress is evident on every hand. It appears a promising field for a series of Socialist lectures. We are safe in assuming that St. Cloud contains the elements that will sooner or later bring this wonderful city prominently before the world.

The economic question that is, how man makes his living, has agitated the minds of men for a long time. The entire line of evolution of man's development, since our most primitive ancestors up to our modern highly organized and efficient trusts, has been actuated more or less by the question of economics.

That we have arrived at a critical stage of the world's progress and that the industrial and political conditions of this country are due for some radical changes, is most forcibly brought to our attention by Mrs. Ida Crouch-Hazlett, a graduate of California University, in a very masterly and positive style. Her imposing bearings and strong voice combined with her logic and eloquence, caused many a one to be uneasy.

That the political arena of the United States has never been anything but a burlesque show with the capitalist a star performer and the vast mass of the laboring class the puppets. That the Republican and Democratic platforms were controlled by the same interests and that the working men had nothing to say in the affairs of government.

Competition, with its pernicious influences, had a demoralizing effect on everything it came in contact with, and the only salvation of the world today is co-operation. Government ownership of the tools of production, railroads, telegraphs, mines, land, etc., for as long as one man or a group of men own the tools which we must work with to make a living, so long shall we be handicapped and indebted to that man or group of men.

The interests of capital and labor is diametrically opposed in the minds of the ignorant, and a reconciliation is impossible. The gain of one is the loss of the other. Strikes and injunctions, profit and interest, millionaire and pauper, are all offsprings of class legislation. These, and other things, this woman of the twentieth century has told us and supplied us with topics to keep us busy. But, judging from the keen attention of many faces within her hearing, she has also supplied many of us with a stimulus for our dormant thoughts.

The Steel Market

The steel market continues active and firm. There is a continued heavy demand from ammunition makers. Inquiries for steel bars for conversion into shrapnel are estimated at 75,000 tons. It is expected that these will soon result in orders. Prices on shrapnel bars are somewhat firmer, and it is not thought that sales will be made at much under \$2 per 100 pounds.

Domestic demand is also showing improvement. There is a better demand for plates from railroads, and prices on all products are holding firm.—N. Y. Sun.

Woodmen Circle Entertains

Last Thursday evening the Odd Fellows' hall was the scene of much merriment and good fellowship. The Woodmen Circle was entertaining the W. O. W. and their wives and friends in a royal manner.

A delightful musical program was rendered, three of which are deserving of special mention. Mr. Durham, who sang; Mrs. Saunders of Kissimmee and Mrs. L. E. Baker, who gave two selections on her mandolin.

The reception was a decided success. Friends coming over from Kissimmee lodge bringing the attendance to thirty, and bountiful refreshments being served.

This was the first reception given by the Woodmen Circle here.

New York Veterans

The New York Veterans' Association met in Oak Grove Park on Tuesday, July 5th. The meeting opened with the singing of "America" by the choir and audience.

Prayer by Comrade Lynch. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Reading of resolutions on the death of Comrade Furman, and accepted. It was decided to meet the next time in the park, providing the weather be favorable.

Meeting was then turned over to Mrs. J. W. Francher for program. Song, "The Vacant Chair," by the choir and audience.

Reading by Comrade A. W. Daugherty, of what General Horatio King wrote to Captain Jack Crawford and then the reply.

Song by Edith Herold and Constance Harris, "I Wonder What Will William Tell."

Encore, "Are You Sincere?"

Violin music by Mrs. Crandall.

Song by Comrades Lynch and Goff, "The Flag of Our Union Forever."

Reading by Mrs. Cranston, "The Deacon's last Dance."

Song by the choir, "Flow Gently Sweet Afton."

Owing to the threatening rain the meeting adjourned.

Amelia R. Robinson,

P. C. Pro Tem.

Doom of the Mosquito

Sir William Willcocks, who has been testifying before the house committee on Rivers and Harbors, is authority for the statement that mosquitoes and malaria are doomed. He was invited to give us information relative to the flood problems on the Mississippi. He believes that it is possible to put that great waterway in a straight-jacket, and incidentally he touched on the mosquito nuisance. He says that he would not swat the mosquito, but that he would establish a scientific system of drainage that would make the little pest an impossibility. This is in accordance with the views of our own engineers and in harmony with work that has already been done in New Jersey and elsewhere. It is the small things of life that count after all, and the men who relieve us of the pest that help to make life miserable are entitled to our gratitude. There was a day when the mosquito was taken as a necessary evil, but happily that time has passed and those who spend part of the year in what was formerly the mosquito belt can now look forward to a period of comparative quiet and peace.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TRIBUNE

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Cumberland, O., July 8, 1915.

Editor Tribune:—

Enclosed find a one dollar William, for which please extend my subscription to November 20, 1915.

I am an old Vet, 29 years of age; served two enlistments and have two honorable discharges. George E. McEndree, of your city, is an old chum of mine; have known him for forty years. E. P. Meek, of Byersville, O., is an old chum and comrade also. B. T. Arrick, of McConnellsville, O., is my brother-in-law.

I have been trying for two years to get in shape to come to St. Cloud. I want to come this fall if possible—coming to stay.

Hoping to see you later I remain

Yours in F. C. and L.,

B. S. Lukens.

Pocahontas, Ill., July 5, 1915.

Editor Tribune:—

Enclosed find one dollar, for which please continue sending your interesting paper. Having spent two winters in St. Cloud we feel interested in everything and everybody there. The Tribune reaches us Monday morning; can hardly wait until it comes. The letter in your last issue from Mrs. William Moore, was much appreciated, having met Mr. and Mrs. Moore in St. Cloud. We were pleased to hear from them. We are all Illinois people, but live in different counties. This part of Illinois is most beautiful at this time; little too much rain for corn on low land. Other crops are fine. The fruit crop is immense.

Circumstances over which we had no control kept my husband and I away from St. Cloud last winter, but we hope to be with you next winter. My husband had a long sick spell, beginning in February, and lasted about three months, but he is now quite himself again and planning to get off south before the snow flies.

We hope St. Cloud will get a hospital; they surely need it. Every large town and city needs a hospital. Our town celebrated the Fourth on Saturday. Everything went off nicely, and as we have no saloons there was no drunkenness. Everybody had a good time.

Yours truly,

Mrs. E. S. Valentine.

Lansing, Mich., July 12, 1915.

Editor Tribune:—

We have been thinking that perhaps a few lines from this part of the United States might be of interest to you and especially to quite a few of the friends back there in St. Cloud. We left St. Cloud on Tuesday, the 6th inst., and had a very pleasant trip to Cincinnati where we arrived just as the big storm broke over the city. But while the wind and storm were violent there were no buildings to collapse in the vicinity of the union depot. The Grand Central hotel, where we passed the night, had the glass broken in its skylight. However, no other damage was suffered outside of the wetting of some of the carpets. The damage to crops, especially to wheat in shock was quite large along the streams that were all out of their banks throughout Ohio. Crops are late in Michigan. Weather is fine. Arrived home Thursday evening and found the children well.

Yours truly,

M. E. Stearns.

One That Died For Love

He died for love, and for love of what?

A foolish girl with an upturned nose;

Today he lies in a lonely spot

To which no sorrower ever goes;

Too late she bent down and stroked

his head,

And wept when she saw him lying

dead.

He died for love of a foolish maid,

Who had little wit and but little

style,

Who owned few graces and who be-

trayed

Regret for only a little while;

On her his affection was all bestowed

Though she had a lip and was pi-

geon-toed.

He died for love of a foolish girl,

Whom he tried to follow across the

street;

An automobile, with a whizz and a

whirl,

Sent him tumbling more than sev-

enty feet;

He was only a little bit of a cur,

But he died because of his love for

her.

If there is such a person as a "per-

fect gentleman" we suppose he is

married.

MIGHTY MONEY RAISING SALE

Continued until July 20

We want to thank our customers for the wonderful business done during this sale.

We want to give every man in St. Cloud and vicinity a chance to take advantage of the wonderful bargains we are offering.

Come and look them over and you can be the judge.

Remember all sale prices and discounts are good until July 20

W. B. MAKINSON CO.

NEW YORK AVE.

OPPOSITE DEPOT

Handsome Homes Being Built

(Continued from Page 1)

every description will be included. There are other buildings to be started the coming week and many improvements have been made which are not mentioned here.

We venture the assertion that there is more activity in the building line in St. Cloud than in any other city in the state ten times its size. New people coming here to make homes. Even the Golden State of California has been sending us many homeseekers. And California being known all over the world as "God's country," what should we call Florida?

Faith and Reason

(By Lizzie Yack Case)

Two travelers started on a tour, With trust and knowledge laden; One was a man of mighty brain, And one a gentle maiden.

They joined their hands and vowed to be

Companions for a season; The gentle maiden's name was Faith, And the mighty man's was Reason.

He sought all knowledge from the world,

And every world near it;

All matter and all mind were his, But her's was only spirit.

If any stars were missed from heaven, His telescope could find them;

But while he only found the stars, She found the God behind them

He sought for truth above, below,

All hidden things revealing;

She only sought it woman-wise, And found it in her feeling.

He said, "this earth's a rolling ball,"

And so doth science prove it;

He but discovers that it moves, She found the springs that move it.

He reads with geologic eye

The record of the ages;

Unfolding strata, he translates

Earth's wonder-written pages.

He digs around a mountain base

And measures it with plummet;

She leaps it with a single bound, And stands upon the summit.

He brings to light the hidden force

Is Nature's labyrinth lurking,

And binds it to his onward ear, To do his mighty working.

He sends his message 'cross the earth,

And down where sea gems glisten;

She sendeth hers to God himself, Who bends His ears to listen.

All things in beauty, science, art,

In common they inherit;

But he has only clasped the form, While she has clasped the spirit.

God's wall now infinite now looms up

Before Faith and her lover;

But while he tries to scale the heights

She has gone safely over.

He tries, from earth, to forge a key

To open the gate of Heaven;

That key is in the maiden's heart

And back its bolts are driven.

They part. Without her, all is dark,

His knowledge vain and hollow;

For Faith has entered in with God,

Where Reason may not follow.

HIS GOOD LUCK

"Did you hire that man to paint

the floor by the job, or by the hour?"

"By the hour."

"Gee! I'm glad I'll have to start out

next week on a three months trip. I

hate the smell of paint."

Keeping Refuse

From Milk

An Illinois man has designed a milking stool that has several distinct advantages over the old style. One of these advantages is a revolving seat which enables the milker to turn easily in any direction. But the chief feature is the holder of the pail that receives the milk. This holder consists of a circular platform that projects from beneath the seat on a curved arm. It supports the pail six or eight inches above the ground and the advantage of this is at once apparent to any one who knows about milking. The bottom of the pail does not get dirty and there is no danger of refuse from the barnyard or stable getting into the liquid itself, as there otherwise would be. If the inventor had only designed the stool so that it could not be kicked over he would have achieved another success.

Buy At Home

Manufacturers jobbers and retailers have responded beyond our expectations to our buy-at-home campaign. That it will eventually result in building up many communities is our firm belief. We have in mind one town as we write that was first settled over twenty-five years ago. No railroads were closer than twenty miles it was a two-days trip to town. Tri-weekly mail service was in vogue the town developed the mail-order habit because there was no local store. With the advent of the railroad into this town stores were established but years of buying by mail was an obstacle to the success of the first merchants. Local pride in the appearance of the town began to assert itself and a demand for more modern stores was the result. Buy at home was suggested as a means to develop the town and enable merchants to build up-to-date stores.

It is hard to break down habits of years especially when people believed they were buying cheaper through mail-order houses. A comparison of values was hard to secure, because the people were in the habit of consulting pictures in a catalog instead of looking at the goods.

Local pride brought them around to it slowly. The tide turned toward the local merchants. Today there is a nice brick block in that town. Property values have risen all around, and the mail-order business is growing less and less. One of the largest manufacturers in the South in a particular line is co-operating with us to the end that proof will be offered in every local hardware store that better values can be had for money at home than elsewhere. Particulars will be forthcoming within the next week or two.—Florida Grower.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE—Three town lots, Nos. 21, 22, and 23, Block 37, Dakota Ave. The lots are cleared in good shape. Price \$150. H. C. Bagley. 46-11p

FOR SALE—HOUSES

FOR SALE—Furnished House and unimproved 5-acre tract; one corner lot and improved 5-acre tract. Address Box 667. 46-11p

\$1.50 PER YEAR

ST. CLOUD, OSCEOLA COUNTY, FLORIDA, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1915.

VOLUME 6, NUMBER 46



COMRADE J. T. BURBANK
Seventy-Seven-Year-Old Champion Combination Drummer of the World
(Here Mr. Burbank is seen playing four drums)



RESIDENCE OF P. ROTHROCK
Pennsylvania Avenue and Eighth Street, St. Cloud, Fla.

DESCRIPTION OF WESTERN RANCH OWNED BY OUR FELLOW-TOWNSMAN

The following description of the extensive ranch owned by our fellow-townsmen, Senator John Wilkes, is taken from the Kimball, (S. Dak.) Graphic, of date June 29, 1915:

Twenty-seven years ago the editor of the Graphic and his young wife joined about half of Kimball and the whole country side for a barn warming at the John Wilkes ranch, in Plummer township, and if we did not all have a merry old time then I don't want a cent. Few there are today in this country who participated in the festivities that day—but the big red barn looks as nice and new right now as it did twenty-seven years ago.

As told in a few lines last week, the Miller, Dr. Stewart and Tinan families, with their Iowa guests, were all invited out to take dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Leo Wilkes. Mr. and Mrs. Bosen were also present and all were of course elegantly entertained—for that is the Wilkes way, you know. It was this writer's first visit to this 600-acre ranch since the first told about. This country looks about the same as it did then, save for a splendidly graded road leading to the ranch and telephone lines and a few garages and automobiles. For it is essentially a cattle country up that way, and in spite of the big herds that go out from time to time from that section of the county, there is apparently oceans of grass unused each year. Man's eye never saw a prettier stock country

than the Jones, Wilkes and Bosen ranches.

John Wilkes is now living in Florida (a letter from him will be found elsewhere in this issue) and Leo runs the ranch, and has every convenience within reason, from an automobile to an engine and washing machine, fine flowing artesian well and a mighty pretty little farm house. There are so many little chickens you can't count 'em and almost as many little pigs. We took the kids and went fishing in the creek close by, catching a nice mess of little bullheads, suckers and "pumpkin-seeds" in a short time. Also took a run over to Charley Ranges, where we found a whole raft of young molks just doing up the dinner dishes—a fishing party, I guess, and you can imagine the good time they were having. These young folks in the country manage to have twice the fun of the same set in town. We bid adieu to all the good people of Plummer we met with a feeling of an exceedingly pleasant and profitable afternoon.

PERSUASION

"I hear you're a peace advocate," Mr. Dolan.

"I am that," replied Mr. Rafferty. "Yet you had two fights in the week."

"I had. I want peace, and I want the other fellow to want it as much as I do."

BRONSONBORO

By REX

Heat and watermelons are two of the Cracker's deadliest enemies during sweet potato planting time. The cow pens which have to be broken up are generally close to a patch of melons, and the glaring sun, combined with the seductive influence of that watermelon patch, completely overcomes said Cracker and he dwells longer under the sway of the latter than the former, and my private opinion publicly expressed is that a great many of us would be in the same fix.

We have a shower nearly every evening, which leaves the thermometer at the sleeping degree and, as the mosquitoes are not numerous, we can rest very well during the cool nights. At this writing, 9:23 a. m., 88 degrees are called for; before breakfast it was 76 degrees, and, as a cool breeze is now springing up it is not very likely to go any higher today.

The watermelon crop on the Bronson plantation is inferior somewhat to that of previous years. They are good, what there is of them, but they are neither as large nor as plentiful as they have been heretofore. Rains during the early part of the day, followed by hot sun, deadened the vines at a critical time, but we enjoy what few there are just the same.

The general crops continue thrifty. Reports from Shingle, Jug, Crab Grass and Tisan creeks, Whitler, Keenansville and Bassenger seem to indicate that there will be more corn made this year than has ever been known before. Very many of our farmers have commenced feeding their horses on the green corn, thus saving the expense of buying. This is a death blow to the hard times theory

cance of the charges alleged. Rex's intentions were to have replied to a portion of Woodall's article, but he believes he'll just stand by and look on. Like Davy Crockett, when the bear attacked him: he had wounded the bear with a shot from his rifle, and had rendered the weapon further useless by breaking the stock over the bear's head. His trusty hunting knife was his last resort. Thinking his case was a desperate one he decided that prayer was his only chance, but not being able to remember anything in that line he suddenly started out with the following: "Oh, Lord, if you don't help me, don't help the bear, but just stand by and look on, and you'll see the damndest bear fight you ever read about." Davy killed the bear, and who can say that his prayer was not answered. Take the hint, gentlemen. Methinks that you should both be prayed for, and God helps him who helps himself, you know. So pitch in; we're watching you. Don't quit, friend Woodall, you ain't half beat yet. There's the door left wide enough for you to get your head and shoulders through, and you can certainly get out.

Suppose you think by this time, Mr. Editor, that Rex better quit quarreling and give a few news items. All right.

Cattle on Johnson's Island have been doing well. Mr. Pfau is fencing a considerable part of it and intends having an extensive pasture. Whether that gentleman and Mr. Singletary contemplate going into the cattle business or not is a question that we have not yet heard affirmed.

Rex will deviate a degree from the (Continued on Page 12.)

FLOWERS BY THE MILLION IN ST. CLOUD, COMMENTED ON BY SEN. JOHN WILKES

The following letter, truthfully descriptive of St. Cloud, is from Senator John Wilkes, and appeared in the Kimball, (S. Dak.) Graphic, of date June 29, 1915.

The subjoined letter from John Wilkes, written at his new home, St. Cloud, Fla., was not of course sent for publication, but to his grandchildren and great-grandchildren as a personal greeting to them direct; but it contains so much of interest to his many old Brule county friends and is written in such a happy vein that it here follows. Mr. Wilkes is in his 78th year, but apparently he is of that sort who are only as old as they feel.

Dear Folks at Home:—have your two letters and glad to know that all are well and prosperous. I am well and happy too, and enjoy myself to the fullest extent. Have plenty of the best things to eat, such as meat, peas, beans, potatoes, tomatoes, watermelons, peaches, blackberries, and grapefruit (they are about gone for the season) and fresh fish once or twice a week. It's a splendid climate; good cooks, good soil, a fine house, a splendid garden and flowers by the millions. I have put out ten banana trees or plants. Some are eighteen feet high and will fruit the coming winter. Four orange trees, four grapefruit, four kumquats, seven

peach trees and a hundred citrus and some others. Planted twenty hills of corn May 1st and it stands today as high as my head. Planted potatoes six weeks ago and today had some boiled and they cracked open as dry as the famous South Dakota potato. I have built a grape arbor. Last March planted four plants, and today they are up to the top of the arbor, eight feet, and they are expected to make fifty feet if not cut back. Grapes do exceedingly well here. Have set out sixty pineapples which ought to bear fruit in the next six months.

I am glad to know that Nick has a Ford car. He has made no mistake, but hope he nor the kids will get reckless with it and get their necks broken. Tell Lucy my garden can just knock the spots off from hers. The ladies of the household have gone to the "movies" and I just thought I would blow off a little surplus gas. By the way, we have electric lights and an electric iron, and I'll you it is a dandy.

The temperature runs from 70 to 90. It is always cool in the shade, and from 4 p. m. to 9 a. m. it is delightful. The heat is never oppressive when the breeze is moving, and we most always have one. Plenty of rain since February 1. We had nine inches and over, that month; not much since, except in May, when we had four and a half inches. So you see, Florida does not lack much for moisture.

Grandpa Wilkes.

BE A REAL BUILDER

Are you a builder or are you a destroyer?

Are you seeking to advance the interests of the community in which you live, or are you diverting your efforts to its ultimate destruction?

It is one or the other, for there is no happy medium.

You are a benefit, or you are a detriment.

You are either a builder or you are a destroyer, and the responsibility rests with you.

Others know you as you are, but do you know yourself?

Every community has within its borders many excellent people who want to see their community advance

and keep pace with the rest of the world. They want a larger, better and more prosperous farming community, more money in the pockets of every citizen, and they labor unceasingly to this end. They are good citizens and the great mass of people rate them as such.

They are builders.

But often the most persistent efforts of the builders are more than overshadowed by the other class—the destroyers.

A destroyer can undo in a day what it takes a builder a year to accomplish.

And destroyers are legion.

They travel in all walks of life and are exceedingly active.

You find them among the rich property owners, the landed proprietors, the business and professional men, the mechanic and the farmer. You find them everywhere. They do not realize that they are destroyers but they are.

Many rich men and landed proprietors are opposed to all forms of public improvements because they fear it will increase the amount of their taxes. As their eyes are fixed upon the tax list, they lose sight of the fact that public improvements that increase the tax roll slightly, increase property values immensely.

Difference Between Amusing and Convincing

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Author of "Do Something! Be Something!"

AN ADVERTISER must realize that there is a vast difference between amusing people and convincing them. It does not pay to be "smart" at the line rate of the average first-class paper. I suppose that I could draw the attention of everybody on the street by painting half of my face red and donning a suit of motley. I might have a sincere purpose in wishing to attract the crowd, but I would be deluding myself if I mistook the nature of their attention.

The new advertiser is especially prone to misjudge between amusing and convincing copy. A humorous picture may catch the eye of every reader, but it won't pay as well as an illustration of some piece of merchandise which will strike the eye of every buyer. Merchants secure varying results from the same advertising space. The publisher delivers to each the same quality of readers, but the advertiser who plants flippancy in the minds of the community won't attain the benefit that is secured by the merchant who imprints clinching arguments there.

Always remember that the advertising sections of newspapers are no different than farming lands. And it is as preposterous to hold the publisher responsible for the outcome of unintelligent copy as it would be unjust to blame the soil for bad seed and poor culture. Every advertiser gets exactly the same number of readers from a publisher and the same readers—after that it's up to him—the results fluctuate in accordance with the intelligence and the pulling power of the copy which is inserted.

(Copyright.)

BE A REAL BUILDER

They oppose movements and thereby become destroyers, placing the tremendous weight of hostile influence in opposition to the advancement of the community.

Then there is a certain class of men who carry around a load of grrouch which they let loose upon every possible occasion and without regard for their victims.

They damn the community and the people and everything else but themselves. To mention civic improvements to them is like shaking a red rag at a mad bull.

And there is still another class that comes along with their contributions to the downfall of their community. They are the patrons of the mail-order man—the world's greatest enemy of the small town community. Many of these utilize the local stores when they want something in a hurry or on credit, and then send the bulk of their cash away to great cities. They give the mail-order man the ripe ear of corn and toss the husk to the local merchants.

They, too, are destroyers, and are daily throttling the community which shelters them—the community which they should foster and encourage in every way, for without the close proximity of the local stores and the market place their farms and other prop-

erty would be worth far less than its present value.

These are a few of the many ways in which a community may be destroyed—in which communities are being destroyed every day.

The builder creates and is enriched by his labors.

The destroyer kills and gains nothing but his own ultimate destruction. These few lines have been penned in the hope that you will pause and think, for thinking breeds healthy action, and action is the birthplace of building, and creation of riches.

Every man is a builder if he will but emerge from the shadows and look upon the bright side of life.—F. W. Barber.

ODD BITS OF NEWS

Elko, Cal.—Austin Bassett, a bachelor of New York, Cal., recently received a baby by parcel post from Seattle, Wash. He says he is ignorant of the mother of the child, and is advertising for her to put a stamp on herself and follow the baby.

Pueblo, Col.—A patient at the state asylum is suffering from the hallucination that the wireless stations of the world are drawing their electricity from him and sapping his strength. He wants to form a union to abolish aerial communication throughout the world.

BE A REAL BUILDER

OF INTEREST TO THE GENTLER SEX

St. Joseph Academy

Established 1866

St. Augustine, Fla.

High-class boarding school for young ladies in charge of Sisters of St. Joseph. Patronized by children of best Catholic and non-Catholic families of this and other States. Buildings splendidly equipped with all modern conveniences. Delightful and healthy location in quaint and artistic Ancient City. Course thorough, embracing all branches requisite for a solid and refined education. Music, painting, languages, commercial course. Terms moderate.

For full particulars write

SISTER SUPERIOR

WHERE SHALL I GO TO SCHOOL?

The State University
Gainesville, Fla.

Highest standards, ranking with the largest and best Universities of the South and East.

387 students last session. Total enrollment 639, including Summer School.

Tuition free, excepting \$20.00 per semester, for law.

For further information address

A. A. MURPHY, President

Florida State College for Women
Tallahassee, Fla.

Standard the same as those of the best colleges and universities in the South.

Modern buildings and equipment; all modern conveniences.

473 students regular term; 103 summer term; total enrollment last session 639.

Tuition Free in College and Normal School.

For catalogue and information write

EDWARD CONRAD, President

WHY SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE FROM THE
VIEWPOINT OF LEADING
FARMERS.

Why should women vote? That is the question that is ringing from ocean to ocean and reverberating from the Canadian boundary to the Mexican border. It is the mission of a newspaper to give the news and the action of the Texas Farmers' Union in opposing woman's suffrage when that question was recently before the Texas legislature is significant as representing the attitude of the organized plowmen. We reproduce in part the argument presented by Hon. W. D. Lewis, president of the Texas Farmers' Union, in opposing the bill.

"It is gratifying to note that it is not the farmer's wife who is clamoring for the ballot. She is too busy trying to make happier homes, molding the minds of future citizens and sharing with her husband the cares of life to indulge in political gossip. The ballot will give her no relief from drudgery, give no assistance in clothing the children or bring to the home additional comforts, conveniences or opportunities in life. It is, as a rule, the city woman promoted to idleness by prosperity who is leading the suffrage movement.

"From many standpoints, perhaps a woman has as much right to vote as a man. So has she as much right to plow as a man; she has as much right to work in a factory as a man; she has as much right to shoulder a musket as a man, but we would rather she would not do so from choice and we regret that necessity oftentimes compels her to earn a living by engaging in gainful occupations. We do not consider misfortune a qualification for suffrage or a business accident a reason for granting franchise. We are opposed to woman at the ballot box the same as we are opposed to woman in the field, in the factory or in the army and for the self-same reasons. We had rather see her plant flowers than sow wheat; gather bouquets than pick cotton and rear children than raise political issues, although she may have as much right to do one as the other.

Opposed to Unsexing Humanity.

"Sex qualification for suffrage may have its apparent inconsistency. No general rule adjusts itself perfectly to all conditions. It is a favorite argument advanced by the proponents of woman's suffrage that many cultivated and noble women are far more capable of intelligently exercising sovereignty than a worthless negro, but the South never was anxious for negro suffrage, and while culture and refinement, and even morality, are desirable virtues, they are not the only qualifications for franchise.

"The primary, inherent and inseparable fitness for suffrage is supporting a family. The plow handle, the forge and the struggle for bread afford experience necessary to properly mark the ballot. Government is a great big business and civilization from the very beginning assigned woman the home and man the business affairs of life.

"There has been much freakish legislation enacted during the past decade that no doubt appeals to woman's love for the ridiculous, but to undertake to unsex the human race by law is the height of legislative folly and a tragedy to mankind.

"We are opposed to the equal rights of woman—we want her to ever remain our superior. We consider woman's desire to seek man's level the yellow peril of Twentieth Century civilization.

"Woman is the medium through which angels whisper their messages to mankind; it is her hand that plants thoughts in the intellectual vineyard;

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

IN PUBLISHING ARTICLES UNDER THIS HEAD IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT WE DO NOT ENDORSE EQUAL SUFFRAGE OF THE SEXES, BUT MERELY THAT THE TRIBUNE DESIRES TO COVER ALL FIELDS OF NEWS. THE COPY IS FURNISHED BY ADVOCATES OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

Washington—Mrs. Robert Lansing, who has joined the "cabinet circle," through the elevation of her accomplished husband, is well equipped for the leadership in the social affairs of the official set. The social duties are not new to her, for her father, John W. Foster, was secretary of state during the Harrison administration. Mrs. Lansing is a striking and popular woman. Much of her husband's inspiration and success is attributed to her helpfulness and rare tact. Last January the Lansings celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

New York—After years of litigation in the courts of Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, Laura Biggar, formerly a prominent stage comedienne, has lost the fortune she fought for. Her own fortune as well as the estate she sought has been spent in the battle. She claimed the estate of Henry M. Bennett, a millionaire stock breeder and theatre owner, on the ground that she was his widow. Bennett left her a large fortune and a home in New York, with an annuity of \$1,800. The estate has dwindled down to \$30,000, none of which Miss Biggar will receive.

Logansport, Ind.—Miss Sadie Fenton the youngest woman editor in the United States, says that she has had to refuse numerous matrimonial offers from men who seek to control the editorial policy of her paper, the Logansport Times. Several of the young editor's admirers do not believe in her views on prohibition and suffrage, and evidently, she says, thought the quickest way to correct them would be to marry the fair editor. Logansport is talking over this strange revelation made by the young Miss Fenton on her way to the convention of the National Editorial Association in California.

London—Edinburgh, Scotland, has two dozen women street car conductors who are a thorough success in the new line of work. Other tram-

ways are already recruiting girls and training them to be conductors. It is said that girls working in the English cartridge factories are so fired with patriotism that some of them work thirty hours in a stretch without any rest. Miss Elizabeth Lister has been appointed a stationmaster in South Wales, the first woman to act in that capacity. In the north of England and in Scotland and Wales the men conductors are being supplanted in the fields by women, who can be seen following the barrow or digging and hoeing.

San Francisco—Swimming is fast becoming a popular sport for women, and great interest has been manifested in the contests of fair mermaids at the exposition. A local meet was held last week, but the big event comes on July 16 and 17, when Miss Dorothy Becker and Miss Frances Cowells, the swimmer stars of the coast, will be pitted against Miss Elsie Hunter, the Chicago swimmer. There is possibility that an Australian girl, Miss Fannie Durack, will come to swim against the American girls.

New York—That polygamy will be allowed in Europe to replace the human material destroyed in the war is the belief of returning tourists. This method of increasing the population was often resorted to in olden times. In 1650, the Diet of Nuremberg permitted every man to marry ten wives, but put upon him not only the responsibility of providing necessities for them but also of preventing all dissatisfaction among them.

HIS LOVE

"My love for you," he said, "is as everlasting as time, as wide as the sky and as deep as the sea."

"Yes," she answered, "and I guess it's as soft as mush."

Theatrical managers say that leading ladies always drive a hard bargain.

Lingerie Hat of Cotton Embroidery



The lingerie hat is made of fine, sheer, cotton embroidery, lace or net, and forms a special kind of midsummer millinery which reappears each year. The same kinds of embroideries and laces that are used for making lingerie gowns or fine underwear are used in the construction of this very elegant millinery; hence the name by which it is designated.

The lingerie hat has been in greatest demand among those who require several hats for each season, and is one of those types made for the "exclusive trade"—that is, for those who can afford to indulge a taste for special millinery to suit special seasons. They are by no means inexpensive; but it is the work required to make them, rather than the materials used, that makes them bring very good prices.

Two lingerie hats shown in the picture given here are of the picturesque type. At the left a wide embroidery of sheer batiste is shirred over a frame smoothly covered with chiffon. The row of shirring (over a small cord) at the base of the crown forms a frill wider than the brim of the frame, which falls prettily beyond the brim edge and drops more at the back than elsewhere. Here, from under the brim, loops and long ends of narrow ribbon, in a light color, hang nearly to the waist line.

But the striking feature in this hat

lies in the trimming. Two poppies, made of the embroidery with millinery stamens at the center, are posed exactly on top. This is an audacious position, but warranted because of the excellence and beauty of the flowers. One cannot get in the picture the shreeness of the embroidery which makes the blossoms look like delicate ghosts of the flaming flower they copy.

The second hat, of the small poke bonnet type, is made of all-over embroidery and narrow val lace. The frame is covered with blue crepe, and this forms a facing. The upper brim and crown are of the embroidery in an open pattern. A frill of narrow val lace finishes the edge, and there is a collar and hanging ends of black velvet ribbon. Little clusters of pink June roses and blue forget-me-nots are set about the base of the crown. Nothing could be prettier, worn with the midsummer frocks made of sheer white cottons, or those that are gayly figured.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Leather Trimming.

Soft suede leather is much used for military collars and deep rollback cuffs. The pointed corners of these military collars are embroidered in metallic thread and black or white silk.

A Morning Chat One Day Last Week

(Contributed.)

Mrs. Yankee—"Good morning, Mr. Cracker."

Mr. Cracker—"Good morning, Mrs. Yankee. It looks as if we were going to have a good shower."

Mrs. Yankee—"It certainly does."

Mr. Cracker—"Oh, say, my chickens are doing fine. I got twelve out of fourteen eggs, and nine out of fifteen eggs, and they are some chicks, I am telling you."

Mrs. Yankee—"Well, that is good. You are a lucky fellow."

Mr. Cracker—"That's what they all tell me—I am lucky."

Mrs. Yankee—"Well, keep it up; the more you have the more you will have. You know the Bible says: 'He that hath will be given; he that hath not, the little that he hath will be taken from him.'"

Mr. Cracker—"Well, He'll be doing some if He takes all I have. I got a whole lot. Well, He can't keep a good man down. I'll stay over again. I've been down twice."

Mrs. Yankee—"Well, I hope you do keep up. All things are possible with God, you know."

Mr. Cracker—"Good morning!"

POOR MOTHER-IN-LAW

Tommy—Say, paw, what's meant by a man parading his misfortunes?
Mr. Henpeck—Taking his mother-in-law out walking, I guess.

FRESH FROM VAUDEVILLE

"Do you believe in the divine right of kings?"

"I do, I had three of 'em with a pair of nine's against another man's queens up on aces last night."

Certainly time flies. There has arisen a new generation that never even heard of "Annie Rooney."

Announcements

St. Cloud Band

The band will play in Oak Grove Park every Wednesday evening for the season.

Schubert Club

The Schubert club holds its regular weekly rehearsal on Friday evenings at 7:15 in the old bank building corner New York avenue and Twelfth street.

St. Cloud Gun Club

St. Cloud Gun club holds its regular weekly shoot on Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock on their grounds on the lake front between Michigan and Virginia avenues.

W. C. T. U.

W. C. T. U. meets the 1st and 3rd Monday of each month at the First Baptist Church at 2:30 p. m.

St. Cloud Eastern Star

St. Cloud Eastern Star meets regularly the first and third Thursday of each month at 7:30.

Woman's Improvement Club

The Woman's Improvement Club meets regularly the first and third Wednesdays of each month, at 2 p. m., at their hall, corner of Florida avenue and Tenth street.

St. Cloud Public Library

The St. Cloud Public Library, corner of Florida avenue and Tenth street, is open to the public Tuesday and Saturday afternoons, from 2 to 4:30 p. m., under auspices of the Women's Ethel Thompson, Pres.

Rebekah Lodge No. 23

Benevolent Rebekah Lodge No. 23 meets the 2nd and 4th Monday evenings in each month. Visiting Rebekahs cordially invited to meet with us.

The First Spiritualist Association meets at different homes during the summer months until October 1st.

New York Veteran's Association. The New York Veteran's Association meets the first Tuesday of each month, in the I. O. O. F. Hall, at 2 p. m.

Geo. F. Snow, President.

POST MEETINGS

L. L. Mitchell Post No. 34 G. A. R. St. Cloud, Florida meets every Friday at 2 p. m.; all visiting comrades of the G. A. R. are cordially invited to meet with us.

J. I. Cummings, Commander; D. H. Gill, Adjutant.

Army and Navy Union

St. Cloud Garrison No. 141, Army and Navy Union meets every first and third Monday in each month at G. A. R. Hall.

James W. Carver, Commander.

J. G. Hill, Adjutant.

The Ohio Association

Meets every second Wednesday in each month at the G. A. R. Hall, at 2 p. m., unless agreed, with due notice, to meet at 10 o'clock a. m. for a banquet.

S. F. Naylor, President.

A. S. Cole, Secretary.

Woman's Relief Corps.

L. L. Mitchell Relief Corps No. 12 Department of Florida will meet the second and fourth Thursdays at 2 p. m., of each month, unless otherwise ordered by the president.

Regular Meetings L. T. L.

for the month of June will be Friday, the 25th; for July they will meet on the 2nd, 16th and 30th; for August, the 13th and 27th.

W. O. W. Lynn Camp No. 309.

Meets every Thursday, 7:30 p. m. Odd Fellows Hall.

J. A. McCarthy, C. C.

Jno. J. Johnston, Clerk.

St. Cloud Union Association

The St. Cloud Union Association will meet each and every second and fourth Tuesday in each month. Everybody cordially invited to join and attend the meetings.

J. W. Carver, President.

Wm. P. Lynch, Secretary.

Mrs. Josephine Marskie, Treasurer.

I. O. O. F. Lodge

I. O. O. F. lodge meets every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. P. B. Kenney, secretary.

Open Air Meetings

Religious services are held every Saturday evening in Oak Grove Park at 7 p. m. Everybody is cordially invited.

Daughters of Veterans

Mother Bickerdike Tent No. 1. Ella P. Davidson, president; Jane R. Warner, secretary. Meetings first Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 and third Tuesday evening at 7, each month, in upper G. A. R. hall.

Auxiliary A. and N. U.

The Elsie P. McElroy Auxiliary Camp No. 17 will meet in the Masonic rooms, second and fourth Mondays of each month, at 2 p. m. Agnes E. Livermore, lady commander; Mary P. Doughty, lady adjutant.

Sons of Veterans.

Abraham Lincoln Camp No. 8 Sons of Veterans met at 7:30 p. m. 1st, Friday of each month until the first of September, in G. A. R. Hall. Commander Samuel Tatlow; Secretary, John M. Anderson. All visiting brothers are welcome.

St. Cloud F. & A. M.

St. Cloud Lodge F. and A. M. meets regularly the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month at 7:30.

Episcopal Guild

Meets the first and third Thursday at 2:30 in the Guild Hall, on Florida Avenue. President, Mrs. L. D. Frost; Vice President, Mrs. Norris; Secretary, Mrs. Albert Livingston; Treasurer, Mrs. L. H. Mallett; Directresses, Mrs. W. B. Rush, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Clara Sims, Miss Wainwright.

M. E. Ladies Aid.

The Ladies Aid of the M. E. Church meets every 2nd and 4th Tuesday at 2 p. m. at the homes of the member or with the friends of the church. Refreshments are always served.

A cordial invitation is extended to Ladies who are sojourning in our city to meet with us.

Mrs. Flora Cox, President.

Kizziah Lamb, Secretary.

Phoebe De Pew, Treasurer.

Notice to Associations

When an association wishes to use Oak Grove Park for the purpose of having a picnic, before the announcement is made be sure to confer with the chairman of Park Committee.

Mrs. Flora Cox,

Chairman Park Com.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Music when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory;
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

SUNDAY MEALS.

The meals on Sunday should be well thought out and prepared largely the day before, so that the house mother may have a little leisure to enjoy the day of rest. In many homes, Sunday is a feast day, which should not be criticized if there is nobody overworked, where there are plenty of servants to do their turn in being responsible for the day's work, the situation is not bad; but where there is but one pair of hands to perform all the work of getting meals, it seems as if it were wiser to have simpler meals of those that can be reheated. It is of very great importance that the mother should have rest and that the family should have the privilege of self-denial and helpfulness in thinking of another's comfort. It is often the fault of an overindulgent wife and mother that the Sunday feast days are so common.

Roasts may be roasted on Saturday and reheated on Sunday, and be just as palatable. Salads and desserts may be prepared and all ready to serve.

The salads are better not mixed until the time of serving, but the materials may be all ready the day before.

Soup is quickly prepared, and one may use the canned soups if it is wished to do away with the preparation.

For the Sunday night lunch the man of the house in many families thinks it great sport to prepare the meal. It may be a very cozy, informal one, toasting bread before the grate fire, or on the electric toaster, using a chafing dish, and everybody enjoys the process of meal getting. This is a good time to train the older boys and girls to the responsibility, and they will like it. Let them ask a guest or two on the nights they are to perform, after they are proficient enough to insure a success. Hospitality is too little exercised in the home in this day of hotels and restaurant dinners, and our young people need the training. One who entertains friends at the home table gets much more than he gives in real pleasure.

Neelie Maxwell

MERELY THAT

"What kind of woman is she?"

"I don't like to say disagreeable things about people behind their back, but I once heard her boast that her husband was a perfect gentleman."

Short ladies should avoid much trimming on their skirts, says a fashion writer. Yes, and so should long ladies if their husbands are short.

New York doctors say the tango is good for the liver. Maybe, but stewed rhubarb would be better.

It is through her heart that hope, love and sympathy overflow and bless mankind. Christ—the liberator of woman-kind—was satisfied to teach the lessons of life and He was a man. He chose to rule over human hearts and refused worldly power and men followed after Him, women washed His feet, little children climbed upon His knees and the ruler of the universe said that in Him He was well pleased. Can woman find a higher calling?

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TRIBUNE

WHO PAYS?

For the Commonwealth

(Copyright, 1915, by Pathé Exchange, Inc. All Moving Picture Rights and all Foreign Copyrights Strictly Reserved.)

NINTH STORY

Sid Dodge's place was running full blast. Courteous, obsequious waiters slid soft-footed from table to kitchen and back again, bearing in their miraculous arms dishes additively piled on the dispirited plates of epicureans—drinks cunningly mixed by the highest priced experts in the city. No expense was spared at Sid Dodge's place—the stakes were too big to skimp on the details that made for tone.

The room was filled with the strange murmur of many voices, high, low, and of various shades of tone, all contributing to an incessant mingling drum so meaningless in the abstract—so pregnant with meaning in each individual group. Bright lights made soft by artful globes hung suspended from the frescoed ceilings by massive linked chains; and mingled their mellowed radiance with the rose-colored glow of the numerous silk-shaded lamps that dotted the tables, and made pale faces seem glowing and warm. Luxurious carpets catered to daintily shod feet; bright silver gleamed in well-groomed hands and clicked an accompaniment to the incessant clink of long-stemmed, bubbling glasses.

In one end of the room, from behind a line of spreading palms, rose the rhythmic pulsing, passion-laden strains of Paganini, and died out in a plaintive wail of cello and viol, as though surfeited with the luxury of its own sweet sadness—died out amid the appreciative applause of subdued clapping and the slightly swelled murmur of approving voices.

No one seemed surprised when a low, artificially constructed door in the wall near the palms swung back on noiseless hinges, and a young man entered in evening dress. Why should they? They had all come in that way—all this well-groomed company of dissipated midnight diners, past the watchful, scrutinizing gaze of the lookout on the silent street, down a flight of dark steps, up another flight that twisted and wound its way to that noiseless door—A foul atom blossoming exotically in that dining room of mingled rose colored lights, soft voices and sweet music.

To the young man who took unnoticed his place at a snug table in a far corner, the artificiality of all this superluxury was immediately evident. The richness of the room so out of keeping with its dark approach—the flushed, eager faces of the diners, the too courteous solicitude of the oily waiters, pointed unmistakably to some secret vice as yet unseen. He gave his order to a deferential waiter, and again turned his attention to the room and its guests, his deep-set, shadowed eyes and pale, thoughtful, abstracted expression concealing effectively the



The Dancing Girl at Sid Dodge's Place.

fact that he was keenly alive to every move in the room.

The music again started, this time in a brisk, accented tarantelle; there was a flash of red from behind the palms, a clicking of castanets, and out on the raised dais flashed a slim wisp of a girl, and flung herself with abandon into the spirited dance of Spain. Her face wore a rapt, set smile as of perpetual pleasure, her every motion betraying how well she loved this rhythmic expression—her expression of the beautiful. The music ceased suddenly, bravely, in a spirited crash mixed with the smart double-stamp of the dancer's heels on the floor, and the thrilling cluck of the castanets—there was again that subdued applause—again the resumption of conversation, and the dancer, panting and flushed beneath her rouge, came down from the dais, and curtsying familiarly, threaded her way between the tables. She stopped at one with a word of familiar greeting on her lips and sat down.

The young man in the corner watched her and her companion as the gliding waiter carefully wiped the bottoms of their liquor glasses and set them down. The girl seemed laughingly to propose a toast that met with the approval of her friend, who laughed heartily. The man who was seated with a flabby, pink-faced, tiny-eyed individual, his light brown hair combed smoothly back over his head and accentuating a lack of forehead that he had done better to have left covered. The second drink was brought, disposed of in as short order as the first, and the girl again seemed trying to persuade the tiny-eyed man across the table. His wavering was

gradually lessened as she coaxed, and he at length got up and followed her to the wall, alongside that noiseless door. Her fingers seemed fusing with something on the wainscoting, when suddenly the wall slid back as though on a track.

The young man in the far corner of the room had to steady himself exceedingly not to betray his surprise. The room on the other side of the wall was as softly lighted as was the room in which he sat—but it was busy in there, without the subdued restraint of the dining room. The smoke of innumerable cigars and cigarettes made a foggy haze through which was distinguished a high chair on which a man sat spinning a roulette wheel. Around him, with tense, eager faces stood a group of men and women in evening dress watching with fascinated eyes the swiftly rolling ball. At a low table in the foreground stood a group of men excitedly watching a man in an enormous cravat and gartered shirt sleeves shaking a leather cup out of which rolled clinking transparent dice. All this young man at the table saw at a glance, indistinctly yet comprehensively—saw the young man of the tiny eyes, and the dancing girl, met by a tall stoop-shouldered man of about thirty, who after a few words from the girl and a mute, expressive glance, grasped the young man cordially by the hand and led him toward that high-stooled chair on which the man sat monotonously spinning the wheel. The girl stepped back into the dining room, the panel slid noiselessly into its place and all was as before.

But now some of the diners had arisen and the panel began an endless sliding to and fro as they went to join those in the smoke-hazy room beyond.

The girl walked slowly, smiling to the far end of the room in which the young man sat, hesitated a moment at his table, her head poised questioningly. He arose courteously, and pulling out a chair from the table, said, "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you."

"Will you have something?"

She smiled her assent and gave her order to the waiter.

"You dance very beautifully, miss."

"Ah, yes, I love to dance." And then, inappropria, "You care to play?"

"No, not tonight."

"The playing is high tonight. The bankers are hard pushed. It seems as though luck is with the players tonight. Would you like to try?"

"I don't feel I should win tonight," he answered, laughingly. "And," his lips tightened over his slightly parted teeth. "I like to win. I like to clean up. I'll enter the game some other night," he said, a smile turning the corners of his mouth. "I shall come again, probably very soon, and when I do, I guarantee you I'll make a clean sweep of it."

"Yes, of course," she said wearily. She had heard that tone of surety many times before.

She rose and she followed.

"Good night," she said smiling.

"Good night."

He took his things from the waiter, and as he started to go turned and said, "I shall see you again."

She bowed and moved off, as he turned and made his way toward the low door of noiseless hinges.

II.

"It seems almost incredible, I know—especially at a time when the lid is generally supposed to be screwed on tight. Mr. Bell, but there is a gambling joint in this city, right in the heart of the white light district, that is running wide open to those who are in the 'know.' Roulette wheel, dice, cards, everything! I was there myself, last night—saw it all with my own eyes. The police must be fixed or they'd be onto that lookout on the street—they probably get a rake-off. But, I'll start from the beginning so you'll get it straight."

"I was down to a social welfare meeting last night and walked east through Pelvic street for a car. I was about midway between Bradley and Hinton streets when my attention was attracted by a limousine that drew up to the curb about 30 feet ahead of me. It stopped before a low brick structure that looked as if it might have been used as a private warehouse. There were no steps—no arway—just an unremarkable old door as an entrance with No. 59 painted on it in letters half washed out by the rain. Two richly dressed people—a man and a woman, alighted from the car. The man gave his chauffeur a quick order. The car sped away, and the two started for the door. There was a big squint-eyed rough lounging outside it who seemed to know the people, for he smiled and saluted as they passed in. I decided to take a peek for myself, and walked toward the door as though I had it for my destination. The big rough became suddenly very alert, and, walking toward me, shoved his face close up to mine in an effort at recognition. He looked doubtful and I decided to bluff it out. I waved my hand toward the door and raised my eyebrows as though surprised at being stopped."

"That seemed to fetch him, for he stepped back, said 'all right,' and walked off a bit as I entered."

"When I got inside, I had to go down a flight of dark steps, through a narrow, twisting passageway, and up another flight of steps—darker, if anything, than the first—until I came smack up against a door. Inside I could hear the murmur of many voices, and a click, that sounded like the click of silver knives on plates, and I smelled food."

"I didn't know what was on the other side—but decided to risk it anyway, so I pushed open the door and walked right into the most magnificent dining room I was ever in in my life." From here on young Mason's narration to the district attorney is familiar to those who read the opening of this story.

When Mason was through, his chief turned slowly around in his chair, his face drawn and tense—his finger tapping positively the coat-lapel of the young man before him.

"Mr. Mason, I want you to understand me thoroughly—there are no gambling dives in this city, understand—no gambling dives running here. Forget it."

"But I—"

"You saw nothing, I tell you. Forget it."

Mason rose, his face burning, his whole figure showing resentment at the all too obvious meaning of his chief's words. He bowed coldly—and opened the door leading to his own office, just as a messenger boy entered with a telegram for Bell.

III.

Ellis Mason sat at his desk, his fine, earnest face puckered in a look of amazed discomfort. So this was politics! This was the field he had entered two years before as an outlet for the splendid political passion—the passion for constructive legislation that had so obsessed him ever since his entrance to college. On his graduation from college he had entered the government service as a clerk in the customs. He had written two books on political economy, had given numerous lectures on "City Government," and had made himself as talked about in the newspapers that he had, a few weeks ago, by popular demand, received the appointment of assistant district attorney under Chief Bell. Now, two weeks after his appointment he found himself crowded close to the rail by a chief who was shielding the very sort of thing he was elected and sworn to wipe out! He was cut short in his reflections by an office boy with a message from his chief.

"The district attorney wishes to see you immediately in his office, Mr. Mason."

He arose and went to Bell's office.

Bell was standing by his desk, an open telegram in his hand, his face thoughtful but good-humored, as though pleased with something that had recently transpired. He showed no trace of the resentment of a half hour ago, when he had so arbitrarily impressed his assistant with the assurance that "there are no gambling dives running in this city."

"Mr. Mason, I have been called to the capitol by the governor"—indicating the telegram in his hand—"to discuss a political question of urgent importance. I shall return tomorrow. You will act on nothing unless absolutely necessary, and then only if you are forced to act. You understand, fully?"

"Yes, sir," coldly.

"Very well."

The district attorney turned to his papers, indicating with expressive silence that the interview was ended.

Mason hesitated a moment as though unable to restrain the scathing sarcasm striving for utterance on his lips, then with an effort that would have done credit to a much older and more experienced man than he was, controlled the rebellious spirit of him utterly, turned and went back to his office.

When Ellis Mason started for his office next morning, it was without the wonted eagerness of spirit that usually manifested itself in his quick buoyant step.

The keen pleasure he would have felt a few days before at the prospect of playing district attorney, only for a few short hours, was now that the opportunity had come, entirely lacking. Yesterday's warning that he was not to recognize the existence of a gambling hall in that city—and that, after he had made a special detailed report of one—so depressed his fine conscientious spirit that he could not bring himself to view part of his work with the enthusiasm so characteristic of him.

If, he thought, this foul corruption existed in the office of an executive so trusted as the district attorney, what of the courts, judges, lawyers, police department? He felt for the first time since he entered the government service, how small, how ineffectual was his personal power for the good he so wanted to do. How could he fight the gigantic, irresistible machine, fed by the votes of the public, and oiled by the gold of unmentionable vice-exploiters who bought and sold chief executives as one might a dancing toy—a toy whose steps were regulated by the mechanism of the controlling party?

When he reached his office the next morning, Mason was surprised to find a young man already there awaiting him. It was the very man, he realized in a flash, who, the night before last he had seen sitting and drinking with that dancing girl in the gambling dive he had stumbled on accidentally—the same dissipated, pink-faced, tiny-eyed, low forehead individual who had allowed himself to be persuaded by the dancing girl to buck the bank. Mason wondered, fearfully, apprehensively, what this young man of all young

men should want in his office—wondered whether he had been recognized there in spite of the secluded table he had picked to escape observation. Was it possible that this young bouncer had seen him talking with the dancing girl, and recognizing him from his numerous pictures in the paper, had come up here to be ugly?—possibly with an attempt at intimidation—at blackmail? He was alarmed for the moment, but was quickly reassured as the tiny-eyed one told him the story.

"Are you Mr. Bell, the district attorney?"

"No. Mr. Bell has been called suddenly away, and won't be back until the morning. I'm the assistant district attorney—acting district attorney at the present time"—here, Bell's words "acting district attorney in name only" flashed across his mind and made his cheeks flush—"My name's Mason—Ellis Mason. Can I help you?"

"Well, you'll do," said the pink-faced one, in a hard patronizing voice. "It's this way. I'm a clerk in Marger & Barnes—mercantile insurance. Green's my name—Ralph Green. I don't claim to be an angel. I have my fee like the rest of them—no better, no worse. I don't kick when I lose fair; but I do kick and kick hard when I get buncoed—and I've been buncoed—buncoed for fair."

Here he told Ellis the story; told him the story he already knew, told it from beginning to end, and we shall take it up with Mason where, for us,



The Hypocrite Gilson Congratulating Mason.

It left off on the night that Mason stumbled upon the notorious Sid Dodge's place, running wide open.

"You see," he finished, "if I wasn't sure that whole outfit is as crooked as hell, I wouldn't come up here squealing like a kid. But I'm dead sure those dice were loaded, the wheel was lopsided and the cards were marked; and I think that this rotten lot of underhand pirates"—Mason wondered at his qualifying adjective—"should be sent up."

Mason felt it was a strange trick of fate that sent that young loose-mouthed renegade to the district attorney's office at just the time it was possible for him to act. He had been admonished by his chief to "forget it" when he reported that flagrant violation of the law, and it seemed to his highly imaginative mind that this moment had been opportunistically selected by an unseen judge to weigh the sincerity of his principles against the material "success" of his career. He knew that his ideals were noble, aspiring, splendid, true—knew that they would be true no matter how their injunctions were slighted, glossed over, spurned—knew that truth was unalterable, everlasting, infinite. Truth wouldn't be any the less truth or his ideals any the less fine because he failed to stand by them. What good would it be—where was the advantage of his broad conception of what was right and just if he failed to acknowledge it in his actions?

IV.

That night the busy traffic of Sid Dodge's glided cafe was interrupted in the midst of its feverish play by a squad of police, headed by Ellis Mason, and the entire outfit loaded into a waiting patrol wagon. Clarice Adair, the dancing girl and "guiding spirit" of the place, recognized Mason as the man who, two nights before, had refused her urgent persuasion to play.

While the police were busy taking charge of the place, he went up to her.

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to be detained. You remember, I said I'd be back soon, when I felt luck to be with me," he laughed; "You see, I've made a clean sweep, as promised."

She looked up at him, all the fierce vindictiveness of her passionate soul finding expression in the concentrated stare of her hate-glowing eyes.

"Yes, you have made a clean sweep of it this time," she said slowly, intensely. "Make the most of it. The banker always wins—in the end."

He turned from her, smilingly, but annoyed at her covert threat, and proceeded in the direction of the men under him.

V.

Charles Gilson was a "pillar of society." Ponderous and portly, he was endowed by nature with a dignified, heavy face, and portly air that his snow-white hair and ivory-headed cane did a great deal toward making impressive. He was fifty-five years old and seemed sixty-five. His deeply-lined face and massive jaw were his greatest assets, and would have vouched for him had the rest of his appearance needed endorsement.

His voice, never harsh or strident, had a peculiar booming quality that made his slightest utterance seem fraught with significance, its very tone commanding the respectful audience that many another voice of greater volume and more sincerity tried for in vain.

His Bible class revered that voice and unconsciously acknowledged its influence by an unusual proficiency

in that part of its study relating to the Prophets; his tenants in many a squalid, disease-breeding tenement of the East side feared it, and shrank at its threatening boom. His real estate holdings were enormous and his social influence correspondingly tremendous, his wealth and swing creating a deference to his wishes in the political world that amounted practically to unquestioning obedience.

He sat at breakfast, the morning after Mason's sensational raid, and at his butler's announcement of Sid Dodge and Clarice Adair, allowed his usually impassive face the luxury of an amazed expression at the personae of his early callers. Dodge and Clarice, after a night in a cell, had been released on heavy bail, and had come immediately to Gilson to apprise him of the raid and their arrest.

"Leave this to me. You go about your business; you'll hear from me later." He told them.

Gilson had engineered Bell's election and held the man's political destiny in his check book. He knew that any move from the district attorney's office had first to be sanctioned by Bell, and was at a complete loss to realize the motive that had prompted this astounding break. He wasn't aware that Bell was out of town and found it impossible to reconcile Bell's usual obedient docility with this drastic action. He had descended the front stoop of his magnificent home, and was proceeding in the direction of the district attorney's office when he was hailed by two men approaching from the opposite direction. He recognized them as John Drake and Albert Lesser, active members of the Commonwealth club, of which he was an honorary member. He greeted them in his usual effusive, solicitous booming way, and stood for a moment exchanging with them the commonplace courtesies of the un intimate acquaintance.

"We were just on our way to visit you," Drake said. "You've heard, of course, of young Mason's highly commendable raid on the gambling den?"

"Yes, indeed. Splendid. That young man has a great future"—and then, to himself—"behind him."

"Yes, he certainly justifies our confidence in his ability as a fearless executive. But read this," and he handed Gilson an unsigned letter. "We were just on our way to deliver this to you at your home."

Gilson took the letter, opened and read it quickly.

"My dear Mr. Gilson," it read. "You have been selected chairman of a committee to notify Assistant District Attorney Mason that this club urges his candidacy for the district attorneyship. We believe that Mr. Mason should accept in the interest of public welfare. Signed, A. C. Beane, secretary of the Commonwealth club."

Gilson finished reading and his face betrayed for a moment the trepidation of his mind. He recovered quickly and spoke with well-feigned enthusiasm. "Certainly, I shall be most happy to inform Mr. Mason. We can go to his office directly, if it is convenient to you."

"We shall be pleased," said Lesser, and together they started for the district attorney's office. Gilson was highly disconcerted, but allowed no evidence of it to escape him. He was the first to greet Mason.

"We feel honored, Mr. Mason, that we have the distinction of being the first to congratulate you." He spoke in his best public meeting voice. "I won't go into a lengthy explanation of the object of our visit. You may read this. It will explain itself." He handed Mason the letter.

Mason read it, his face registering the keen pleasure it gave him. "I thank you, gentlemen; thank you most sincerely. I feel more honored than I find it possible at this moment to express."

"You accept then?" said Lesser, needlessly.

"Accept! I shall be delighted."

"Very well. If you will call at the club tonight, we can discuss the many details attendant on your nomination. Good morning."

They started to go, all but Gilson, who had heard Bell's voice in the outer office. Bell had been apprised by one of the clerks of Mason's raid as soon as he entered, and the voice Gilson heard reflected adequately his reception of the news. The succeeding information that Mason had been offered the candidacy by the Commonwealth club served to restrain his expressed, if not his felt anger, and he bowed coldly to Mason in the outer office as the latter started eagerly for the home of his sweetheart, Marion Decker, to tell her and her mother of his good fortune.

Gilson approached Bell, and spoke without the formality of a greeting. "You have heard?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Come into my office. We have no time to lose."

Together the honorary member of the Commonwealth club, president of the Society for the Abolishment of Child Labor, proceptor of a Bible class and his marionette politician entered the district attorney's private office to discuss the most effective way of assassinating a reputation, inconvenient to their "highest" interests. And while Mason was at the home of his sweetheart, telling her the good news, and asking her to be his wife, the other two—Gilson and Bell, were planning a different meeting for that night; a meeting at which the Spanish dancer, the gambling house manager, the smug hypocritical owner, and the recreant district attorney were to plan the details of a vile plot to discredit the young assistant in the eyes of the

world. And now we shall see how the plot worked out.

VI.

The next night Ellis and Marion took a long ride in his motor car. They returned late, and he lingered a few fond minutes before leaving her at her stoop. He came back toward his car, whistling softly, happily to himself, his hands stuck deep in his trousers pockets, his mind lost in the reverie his whistling belied.

A short sharp cry, as if of someone in urgent distress, brought him back to a consciousness of outward things, and he looked up in startled surprise to see a young woman staggering on the sidewalk, as if about to fall.

He rushed up and caught her quickly, half carrying her back to the stoop from which he had come. The woman had a deep black veil on, a veil that entirely concealed her face; but she was otherwise dressed in unrelieved black, so the veil was not provocative of any thought on his part.

"If you will come into this house, miss, we can send for a doctor."

"Oh, I'm all right, thank you," she said weakly. "Just a weak spell. I get them often. I won't trouble you further. You're very kind. I will go home." She started to walk away from him, but again staggered weakly as though about to fall and was again caught and steadied by Mason.

He helped her into his automobile and started for her apartment on the upper West side. She seemed to grow worse as they went along, and when they arrived her seeming plight made it necessary that he carry her up the stairs.

When they arrived at her room after a painful climbing of steps she suddenly recovered sufficiently to rise and take off her hat and veil, and he was shocked and incredulous at recognizing Clarice Adair, dancing girl of the cafe he had raided two nights before. Her recovery was now extraordinarily rapid, and he was suddenly panic-stricken as a realization of what this all meant came upon him. She smiled at him mockingly as she began to take off her outer garments. He had not long to realize, however, for in another moment the door was thrown widely open, and two men entered.

"You will come with us," one of them said, shortly.

"But I—"

"We cannot listen to explanations. Besides," looking meaningfully at the half-dressed woman in the corner, "I'm afraid you'd have rather a job of it."

The plot of Gilson and his tools had worked.

VII.

Came the day of trial; the trial of the young assistant district attorney, accused of contributing to the delinquency of a dancing girl. Clarice was the complainant; District Attorney Bell the prosecutor, Sid Dodge, the jury fixer, and Mason, the defendant. What if he did have a good attorney? What if he did get a jury disagreement? His reputation was blackened forever.

Into the surge of his despair came the thought of Marion—his Marion. He turned his footsteps in the direction of her home. When he arrived there the butler barred his entrance,



Clarice Overcome by Remorse, Attacks Dodge.

and the iron entered deeper into his soul.

"Marion," he cried out wildly. "Marion, oh Marion, you don't believe them?"

But the echoes of his mad, despairing cry were the only answer he received.

VIII.

Sid Dodge wrestled madly, fearfully with the woman before him, in the rear room of his cafe. She broke loose once, and with a fierce, wild gesture, took up a great vase and brought it down with terrific force on his shoulder, just missing his head. He closed with her and took her both soft yielding arms in his gripping fingers and slowly forced her back into a chair.

Slowly the struggling figure in his grasp relaxed, and became limp in the chair. Slowly there pervaded that face a horrible agony of powerless despair. Once her hands raised and tried to cover her face, and her shoulders hunched as she shrank deep into the chair as though trying to separate herself from the dread of her thoughts. Thoughts of the man she had ruined, the girl whose dream of love she had blighted, thoughts of the putrid villainess of her own lying soul! And now the light, and the realization that she would have evermore to pay!

That evening Charles Gilson spoke long and earnestly at a meeting of the Commonwealth club, on the necessity for sincerity in all of life's undertakings.

WHO PAYS?

(End of Ninth Story.)

The next story is "The Pomp of Earth."

New Game Law Is Explained

In a letter to the Times-Union Senator J. M. Gornio, author of the new game law, explains the changes of the law as follows:

A great deal has been said, written and published about the new game law, the governor having placed his approval thereto on the 14th inst., but as its provisions may not yet be generally understood, and as it may be some time before the general laws are published, as the author of the law I will appreciate the publication of the following brief outline of the act.

The first eighteen sections of the new law are practically the same as the old law; the most important change therein being the ownership and title to all wild birds and game in the state is vested in the counties for the purpose of regulation and use; the open season for squirrels now begins October 1 and runs to the following March 1, and the open season for birds, turkeys and deer begins November 20 and runs to the following March 10.

Under the new law there are three grades of kinds of hunters' licenses provided for, all of which must be issued in the county in which the hunting is done. They are resident county license, costing \$1; non-resident county license, costing \$3, and non-resident license, costing \$15. The first two apply to actual residents of the state and the other to non-residents of the state.

Under the old law any resident of the state by obtaining in any county at a cost of only \$3 a state license was permitted to hunt in every county in the state and under this provision many non-residents of the state obtained the same privilege by going into some county in which they were unknown and claiming to be citizens of the state, but under the new law it will be rather difficult to do this, for under its provision a resident of the state desiring to hunt in a county other than the one in which he resides in addition to filing with the county judge of the county in which he desires to hunt, his application for hunter's license must also file with such county judge a certificate of the county judge of the county in which he resides stating that such applicant is a bona fide resident of the state and of that particular county. Without such a certificate all such persons not actual residents of such county in which the application is filed will have to be regarded as non-residents of the state and required to pay \$15 before the license can be issued.

To procure either a resident county or a non-resident county license a person must have been a bona fide citizen of the state for the past twelve months; a resident county license can not be issued to any one who has not been a resident of the county for the past six months, thus it will be seen that transients as well as non-residents of the state must pay a license of \$15 in each county or do no hunting.

The new act provides that county judges shall retain of the money received by them for license 25 cents for each resident county license; 50 cents for each non-resident county license and \$1 for each non-resident license, and that they shall pay to the county

game warden 25 cents, 50 cents and \$3 for such licenses respectively, paying the balance into the county treasury, to the credit of the school fund.

All blank licenses and other printed matter necessary to carry out the provisions of the act shall be furnished by the respective boards of county commissioners upon and in such form as shall be recommended by the attorney general of the state whose duty it is made to immediately make up such forms, the same to be uniform throughout the state, and furnish copies to the respective boards.

It is also provided that immediately upon the passage and approval of the act the county commissioners of the several counties shall employ a fit and competent person, resident of the county, as county game warden, fixing his salary at not less than \$200 nor more than \$500 per annum, the same payable out of the fine and forfeiture fund. Such warden shall enter into a good bond in the sum of \$1,000, conditioned for the faithful performance of the duties enjoined upon him. Such warden is required to appoint a deputy in each precinct, if necessary, to enforce the law and protect the game, such deputy to be paid by the county warden out of his salary, fees and commissions.

The county game wardens first employed shall remain such until Tuesday after the first of Monday in January, 1917, unless sooner removed for cause; their successors, as well as all future game wardens shall be employed upon the recommendation of the people as expressed in the primary elections, thus placing the election of such wardens directly in the hands of the several counties. As the act is now a law, the several boards of county commissioners should at once employ the game wardens so that the actual enforcement of the law may be commenced, for by a proper enforcement of the law the game will be protected, the several counties benefited financially and the continuance of the law assured.

J. M. Gornio.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Woman's favorite word is the last. If you are shy of enemies, forgive a few of your friends.

If a man is intoxicated with love, matrimony may sober him up.

For each big man at the top there are a million small ones at the bottom.

The man who has no ear for music may have one he uses for a pen rack.

He's a wise political orator who can say things that sound well and mean nothing.

Most women suspect there is some mischief brewing every time their husbands smile.

If a son doesn't take after his father it is usually because the old man left nothing to take.

Some wives spend a lot of time regretting the fact that they are so much better than their husbands.

A man never knows what a woman really thinks of him until after he has been married to her for at least two weeks.

WHERE TO SPEND THE SUMMER?

LAKE VIEW HOTEL

A GOOD PLACE TO SPEND YOUR WINTERS
Home-Like Electric Lights Good Rooms Good Table Good Walks
Only Two Blocks From Depot Auto Meets All Trains Free of Charge
FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS
WM. A. PHILLIPS, Prop., St. Cloud, Fla.

EXCURSION

Key West \$16.15 Havana \$28.65
And Return from ST. CLOUD

THURSDAY, JULY 22nd

Peninsular & Occidental Steamship Company

TICKETS INCLUDE MEAL AND BERTH
Sold For Ship Sailing July 22nd with Limit of August 2nd

For information, reservations or tickets call on any Atlantic Coast Line Ticket Agent or

J. G. KIRKLAND, Div. Pass. Agent, TAMPA

BRONSONBORO

(Continued from page 9)

natural record of events and reply to for we can live on that which is produced on the farm, wear our old clothes another year. If the shoes give out go bare-footed, and our old hat can be worn as long as there's a strip of it left. Hard times—Nothing. It may have been hard times for John the Baptist when he had to live on locusts and wild honey, but as long as we have the wild honey in abundance and so many things that are so much better than locusts to go with it, we would be mighty "sorry" to complain.

Fodder pulling has commenced in earnest. Weather conditions don't exactly agree with it, but a whole lot of fodder can be cured between the showers where there's a will. And where there's a will there's always a way, and we certainly have the will.

Have you read Fripp's reply to Woodall's argument on the demonstration agent plan. Gas enough to load one of those big German guns, but not light enough for a mosquito to see after dark with. Fripp accuses Woodall of being a man of inferior judgment on account of his having mortgaged his property, and then he pleads guilty to the very same act himself. Isn't that a fine pair to discuss political economy. Fripp's main strength appears to be ridicule, but in handling that article he makes use of so many outlandish expressions that the force of any argument he might advance is lost by the insignificant question asked by one who has entered, to wit: How the name "Hollow Log" came to be applied to a certain locality on Bull Creek. The circumstances, as I understand them, are as follows:

Josh Burns once lived in that locality and had a crop in fine growing order. There was one old sow that got into his field. To put her out was of no avail—she would be back again in a short time. It seemed that if the fence must be down somewhere, burn the and the boys went around the field and could find no place where it was possible for a hog to get through. Finally, one day, he found a tree that had fallen across his fence some time before, and they had cut away the top close to the fence and built the fence over it. On close examination he found that the log that extended under the fence was hollow, and it was evident from the tracks that the sow had crawled through it, and thus entered the field. He and the boys removed the log, repaired the fence, and concealing themselves behind the bushes watched for results. Finally the old sow came along, and after looking around and seeing no one, she crawled into the log, coming out of the other end. She sniffed around a bit, and not finding herself in the field, she went back and tried it over again, with the same results. After a few more trials she ran off with a discontented snort. Ever since this incident this place has been called Hollow Log, and the last time Rex was in that community the old log was still there, though rotting rapidly.

The bears on the island appear to be giving the hogs a rest at present.

They have been somewhat troublesome in the past, but have either been killed, run out or scared. The hogs continue in the very best of condition. They fully appreciate the rough range and can come nearer living well on short rations than any of our domestic animals. Give them a few snakes, toads, frogs, grasshoppers, or anything else almost, that comes to mouth, and they'll get through. You can come very near fattening a hog on watermelon rinds, so they're hard to keep poor.

Our nearest neighbor is distant one and one-half miles, but there is hardly a day passes but what we have some company. Westley Clark and family were with us last Sunday. Warren and Walter Lanier, Math Roberts, Will Bronson, brother and Doc; Davis were a few of the weekly callers. At the plantation all are well except Alfred Bronson, who is on the complaining list. Mrs. Bronson is the same indefatigable housewife, every thing kept in good order about the place, a splendid cook, an emergency fodder puller and an experienced and supernumerary doctor, appearing to know just what to do in case of sickness and just how to do it. Alfred came home one night with a fever. This admirable lady took him under medical treatment, and he was up and comparatively well the next morning and in a few days he'll be able to return to work.

The Democratic rooster, his wives and progeny love the watermelon, and will leave a tadpole outlook at any time if they find that we have a watermelon party at the house.

Everything appears to be quiet within the sacred precincts of Hunter's Paradise. The deer are patiently awaiting another invasion of the hunters.

Rex is certainly enjoying himself this summer. About an hour's writing in the cool part of the day, just enough to keep up with his business, good, cool watermelons in the water trough, eating no meat, living entirely on a vegetable diet, water as cool as ordinary ice water and far more thirst-quenching—all go to make life worth while.

We just think Johnson's Island one of the most wholesome places in Florida, and the Bronson plantation the garden spot of said island.

Well, as there is nothing in particular to communicate, will close by congratulating you on the success you are making of the Tribune. It is just simply one of the best appearing papers in the state, and the people of St. Cloud may well be proud of this newsy and interesting journal. May you live long to enjoy the success you have achieved.

14 Husbands in 31 Years

Evansville, Ind.—"I never use love powders, I simply win them. Men are easy to get." So says Mrs. Polly Anne Weed Strodes, seventy years old, who is seeking a divorce from her thirteenth husband, Harrison Strodes, 82 years old. Mrs. Strodes says as soon as she gets her divorce she will wed her fourteenth husband.

The New St. Cloud Hotel

Under the management of

George H. Lehker

Late of the New Willard at Washington, D. C.

SPECIAL SUMMER RATES BY WEEK OR MONTH

Rooms \$1.00 per day and up.
Strictly Modern in all Appointments

Summer Excursion Rates

\$31.50 Louisville and return	\$33.00 Cincinnati and return	\$37.75 St. Louis and return	\$43.50 Chicago and return
-------------------------------------	-------------------------------------	------------------------------------	----------------------------------

Low rates to all other resorts, Great Lakes, Canada, Rocky Mountains, Yellowstone, Salt Lake, California Expositions, etc. For information address
H. C. BREITNEY, Florida Passenger Agent, Louisville and Nashville Railroad,
134 West Bay Street, (Bell Phone 167), Jacksonville, Florida

MODERN MEDICAL PRACTICE

By J. Y. PORTER, State Health Officer

Throw physics to the dogs!

In other words, avoid the doctor, excepting in case of extreme emergency, and let every man, and woman, be the judge of what constitutes an emergency.

That was a kind of motto whose observance in the past has brought premature obsequies in many a saddened family, in the times when doctors were fewer in proportion to the total population than now, and when they were not so well equipped for the battle against disease and death.

In the good old times our grandmothers were fairly good doctors themselves; probably they were better equipped than we in these days with first aid remedies. But they applied their remedies to the treatment of injuries and disease far beyond the first stages, and too often with serious results.

There must have been a large element of faith helping these dear old ladies in their amateur practice. From their individual experiences, from the inheritance of the past and the neighbors they accumulated vast stores of "sure cures," and the more disagreeable their concoctions of mustard and pepper and turpentine and the herbs of the field, the worse they smelled and tasted, the more certain was the efficacy in the minds of the much-suffering patient.

Is the practice of medicine a more exact science than it was fifty years ago?

With no disparagement to the grand old men who rode their endless rounds and who carried the sufferings of their patients very close to their hearts, who brought cheer and comfort into hundreds of homes and who took their long delayed pay in potatoes and bacon, or never collected it

at all, medicine and surgery have made wonderful strides. The old time doctor had to be surgeon and physician and dentist and occasionally had to prescribe for the cow. His time was too full of his never ending daily work to keep track of the general development of his profession, excepting through the journals of his profession that he was too busy to read. He had no opportunity to become a specialist.

The difference between the old time and modern practice is the development of the specialist and the growing importance of preventive medicine. The idea of these days is that the prevention of disease is quite as important as its cure.

The education of the people to the value of cleanliness, of proper sanitation, is the keystone of prevention. Whereas, medicine used to be classed among the mysteries and its operative effects a secret that the public had no right to know, the theories of the causes and spread of disease and the operation of remedies are now put into language stripped of technicalities, so that the man of ordinary intelligence may understand.

The day of the doctor, of the specialist, has come to a new and larger sense than even before. His work, with the operation of the sanitarian and the people themselves, is bringing lower sick and death rates, higher standards of living, through cleaner surroundings and better personal hygiene. More than this, the importance of the doctor, his necessity to the community are being recognized as never before. The remedies left over from the time when Pa was sick two years ago, are not kept to be administered when he or some other member of the family shall have "another attack."

BUSINESS DIRECTORY and BUYER'S GUIDE

Pat Johnston G. P. Garrett
JOHNSTON & GARRETT
Attorneys-at-Law
Offices: 10, 11, 12, Citizen's Bank Bld.,
Kissimmee, Fla.

Telephone No. 2 New York Av.
DR. L. C. RIDDLE
DENTIST
Office Over Seminole Pharmacy
Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

TIN & SHEET METAL WORKS
WALTER HARRIS
Massachusetts Avenue,
Between 10th and 11th Sts. 44

S. D. DECKER
Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public & City Attorney
If I sent your house, rent will be collected and paid over at once. If not paid by tenant, legal notice of eviction, without charge, will be served.

O. L. BUCKMASTER, M. D.
Office over Seminole Pharmacy
Office Phone 2; House Phone 84

MINERVA B. CUSHMAN, M. D.
Homeopathic Physician,
Cor. Florida Ave. and 11th St.
Hours 9 to 11 a. m.—2 to 4 p. m.
Phone 38.

F. F. H. POPE
Lumber
And Builders' Material
Office and Yards:
New York Avenue and Ninth Street
St. Cloud, Fla.

D. C. THOMPSON,
Funeral Director and Embalmer,
Picture Framing a Specialty.
46-47 ST. CLOUD, FLA.

THEODORE DESCHNER
GUNSMITH
Cor. Fla. Ave. and 11th St.
NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS

NEW BARBER SHOP

Eleventh Street, between Pennsylvania and New York Avenues

Gentleman and Lady Barber

WE HAVE COME TO YOUR CITY TO MAKE OUR HOME AND ASK FOR A FAIR SHARE OF YOUR PATRONAGE.

Ladies' Hair Dressing, Massaging, Etc., a Specialty

EVERYTHING IN THIS PLACE IS STERILIZED Charles C. Clawson and Wife

WYLIE AND REYNOLDS

Engineers and Surveyors

Sewerage and Drainage, Municipal Work and Location Work, Blue Printing
ST. CLOUD, FLA.

DON'T USE POISONOUS PASTE TO CARE FOR CITRUS GROVES

To kill insects. For roaches crawl through it and scatter it over dishes and eatables and the least speck will kill a person. Many people do it this way, and they never know what killed them. Take no chances use ASHE'S Roach-pepper. It contains no poison and one twenty-five cent box is guaranteed to rid any home of all roaches, ants, silver-bugs, mites, bed-bugs, flies, fleas, mosquitoes. Sold by all druggists. This is the best time to rid your home of these filthy pests. Get a box today and clean them out before they scatter disease germs through your home.

Yours Very Truly

W. F. ASHE

P. O. Box 1329
Jacksonville, Fla.

Am now in position to take charge of a limited number of citrus groves, and invite correspondence or consultation to that end. I am prepared to furnish best of references as to my knowledge and ability, having had many years of experience in citrus culture in South Florida. My charges will be reasonable.

Wm. Mortadoc

St. Cloud, Fla.

40-41